

THE PEOPLE, SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1939

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The People

London Edition

SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1939

No. 2995 58th Year

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2D.

Mary had a little man -so fond of

HP SAUCE

The European Scene

Denmark Fears German Aggression

LORD HALIFAX, British Foreign Secretary, and one of the leading figures in the European scene, decided yesterday to remain in London over the week-end to keep in touch with developments. The Prime Minister, who spent yesterday at Chequers, may return to London to-night.

Below are given the week-end highlights in the international situation:

Will It Be

Denmark Next?

Activities of organised Storm Troopers in Denmark—there are 80,000 of them led by Dr. Fritz Clausen—strengthen fears that Herr Hitler's next march of annexation may be on that country. Storm Troopers are warning Danish citizens that they will be black-listed "when Hitler comes" unless they support the Nazi cause. The Danish Government is taking measures to prevent this Nazi penetration.

Goering May

Fly To Libya

Marshal Goering, who is on holiday in Italy, will fly from San Remo to Libya this week on a visit to Marshal Balbo, the Governor of Libya. It is learned from a usually reliable source in Berlin that he will return to Rome to confer with Signor Mussolini and other members of the Italian Government.

General Franco or one of his generals may also go to Rome to take part in the discussions which are expected to concern Italy's claims on France.

Poland Is Ready

To Fight

The "Polska Zbrojna," official organ of the Polish Army, declared in a spirited article yesterday that Poland was ready for war with any adversary, no matter how strong she might be.

"The Polish nation," said the article, "has no inferiority complex where powerful nations are concerned. The Poles are not afraid of the number of divisions or the technical equipment, or of any bombast.... Our bayonets will ensure victory."

German Trade

Pact With Dutch

An agreement which is hoped to increase the volume of trade between Germany and Holland was signed in Berlin yesterday. It comes into force on April 1 and remains in force (says Reuter) until December 31, 1940.

Rumanian Border

Bridges Mined

CONSCRIPTS are still leaving to join their regiments in Rumania, where the Government is waiting for Hungary to reduce the number of troops on her frontier before relaxing its precautions.

Hungarian military authorities (says Reuter) have in the last 48 hours placed explosives beneath all the bridges across the river Theiss, which for some distance forms the boundary between the two countries.

Tiny State Cannot

Oppose Germany

If Herr Hitler should attempt to absorb Liechtenstein, the little State between Germany and Switzerland, his troops would meet with neither armed opposition nor welcome from the people.

This statement was made over the telephone from Liechtenstein last night by Dr. Hoop, the Premier, to the B.U.P. in Vienna. He denied widespread rumours that German troops had already occupied Liechtenstein. "No German soldiers and no German officials are in Liechtenstein," he declared.

Swiss Troops

Man The Frontier

Switzerland yesterday decided to mobilise sufficient troops to load the mines at the bridges on the Swiss-German frontier.

Hitler Wires Mussolini

On Eve Of Momentous Speech

"WE STAND TOGETHER SHOULDER TO SHOULDER"

BY OUR DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

AFTER REPORTS YESTERDAY AFTERNOON FROM BERLIN AND ROME THAT SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S ANXIOUSLY AWAITED SPEECH IN ROME TO-DAY WILL NOT PRECIPITATE A NEW EUROPEAN CRISIS BY OFFICIALLY DEMANDING COLONIAL CONCESSIONS FROM FRANCE, CAME A DECIDED SWITCH IN OPINION LAST NIGHT.

The "Regina Fascista," in an article written by Roberto Farinacci, Fascist leader, referred to the speech and declared:

"The Rome-Berlin axis is stronger than ever and places our friends and enemies definitely on opposite sides of the fence. 'On one side is the anti-Comintern group. On the other the Demo-Bolsheviks.' On one side are racialists and on the other the Jews. On one side high finance, Communism, plutocracy, proletarian dictatorship are aligned against Fascism.

"This shows the world the definite line-up of the two groups," declares the article. "Our adversaries are anxiously awaiting Mussolini's speech. Most contradictory things are being heard.

"As always, the Duce's words will be precise and unequivocal. Above all, the speech will serve to notify the anti-Fascist coalition of Imperial Italy's firm will."

Other Rome papers likewise suggest that Signor Mussolini will make some strong utterances when he addresses 65,000 Black-shirts on the 20th anniversary of the formation of the Fascist combat groups.

"Hour Has Come"

The Fascist writer, "Camizza Nera," writing in the Bologna "Resto Del Carlino," says:—"All of us know that the hour has come for Mussolini to define Italy's attitude in the present situation, and give an indication of his intentions.

"What will he say? Everyone would like to know. But no one really does know. Not only are the ears of the Blackshirts turned towards Mussolini to hear his words, but those of foreigners are strained as well."

The general impression (says B.U.P.) is that Signor Mussolini will elaborate in no uncertain terms the Italian demands to France hinted at King Victor's speech from the throne last week, and will emphasise the solidarity of the Rome-Berlin axis.

Rome's revised view that Mussolini's speech will be provocative was strengthened by a telegram sent by Herr Hitler last night to the Duce on the occasion of the Fascist anniversary.

"Hearty and True"

The telegram (says Reuter) declared:

"On the 20th anniversary of the founding of the Fascist Party I think of you as the victorious creator of the proud new Italy in hearty and true friendship.

"Filled with the same ideals, the German nation stands shoulder to shoulder with the battle-tested Italian people in the warding-off of all attempts born of hate and lack of understanding to restrict the legitimate and vital aspirations of our two peoples and to shatter the peace of the world."

"Signed, ADOLF HITLER."

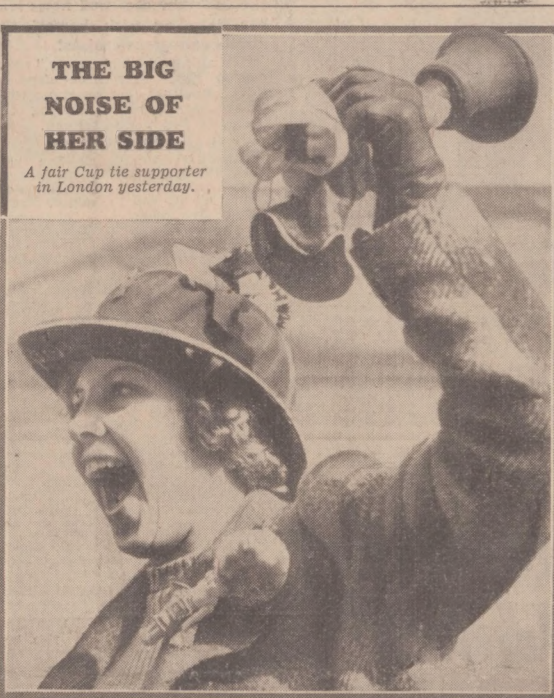
Another problem engaging the attention of Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini is the proposal to turn the anti-Comintern pact into a military alliance embracing Germany, Italy and Japan.

Should the proposal collapse the Japanese Ambassador in Berlin may resign. It is also possible that similar action might be taken by Baron Hiranuma, the Japanese Premier, and Mr. Arita, the Foreign Minister.

The Japanese Navy is reported to be opposed to an alliance on the grounds that it might necessitate sending part of the fleet to European waters in the event of war.

THE BIG NOISE OF HER SIDE

A fair Cup tie supporter in London yesterday.



"Things Holier Than Peace..."

"CHALLENGE MUST BE MET"

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY TOLD A CONGREGATION OF 3,000 PEOPLE IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL LAST NIGHT THAT THE PAST TEN DAYS HAD LAID CLEAR THE MENACE TO THE WHOLE BASIS OF CIVILISED ORDER AMONG THE NATIONS.

HIS FIRST BIG GAME ENDS IN HOSPITAL

Special to "The People"

GEORGE MOULSON, Grimsby's reserve goalkeeper, had an unhappy introduction yesterday to first-class football when he played against the Wolves at Manchester in the F.A. Cup Semi-final.

Twenty minutes after the game began, Moulson flung himself at the feet of Dorsett, Wolves' inside-left. There was a collision, and both players were taken off the field.

Dorsett returned, but Moulson was conveyed to hospital suffering from concussion.

He was still in a dazed state last night and unable to recall what had happened.

Moulson, who joined the Grimsby club in 1936, had not played in a Football League or F.A. Cup game for them until yesterday.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER

Wind north-east; fresh or strong; wintry showers, but bright periods; cold with night frost. Further outlook: Cold.

Conscription—REPORTED PLEDGE TO FRANCE

Special to "The People"

REPORTS WERE CIRCULATING IN LONDON DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES

LAST NIGHT THAT MR. CHAMBERLAIN LAST WEEK GAVE TO M. BONNET, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, A PLEDGE THAT CONSCRIPTION WOULD BE INTRODUCED SOON IN BRITAIN.

It was impossible to gain any information on the subject from officials at Whitehall, but there seems little doubt that the French Minister did receive some sort of promise from Mr. Chamberlain.

In Paris yesterday the introduction of conscription in Britain was regarded as already decided.

Press comment was agreed that the measure is to come. The "Echo de Paris" declared that soon France would have an agreeable surprise on the subject.

Meanwhile, Mr. Chamberlain considered the problem over the week-end. On his decision may rest the whole of his political future.

WORKMEN STRIKE AN OIL GUSHER

WHAT is said to be crude oil is gushing from an excavation at Louis Trichardt, near Pietersburg, Northern Transvaal, at the rate of 100 gallons a day.

The oil first appeared when workmen were digging on a site for a new building and had reached a depth of eight feet. The flow then became so great (says Reuter) that work was held up.

There was no sign of oil in another hole that was dug three feet away from the gusher. Samples of the liquid have been sent to be analysed.

London-Brighton Walk In 11½ Hours At 73

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Petersham, Surrey, Saturday.

BELIEVED TO BE THE BOLDEST MARATHON RUNNER, TREVOR C. DAVIS, OF PETERSHAM, WALKED FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON TO-DAY IN ELEVEN AND A HALF HOURS.

He was celebrating his seventy-third birthday, and thus created a record for a man of his age.

At the end of his walk he said that he felt quite fresh and in good condition.

Mr. Davis did even better than he expected.

He had reckoned on covering the distance—52 miles—in 13 hours.

POLICE SEIZE A TON OF DRUGS

Marseilles, Saturday.

A TON of opium, heroin and cocaine, the value of which is estimated to be over a million francs, has been found by officers of the Surete (the French Scotland Yard) at Le Caou, near here. The police seized the contents of a store and took a large number of finger-prints.—Reuter.

Mystery "Powder X"

Three Killed By Secret Explosive

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Faversham, Kent, Saturday.

ONE OF BRITAIN'S MOST SECRET EXPLOSIVES, KNOWN AS "POWDER X," WAS BEING MIXED AT THE FACTORY OF MESSRS. HEATERS HERE TO-DAY, WHEN THE TOWN WAS SHAKEN BY A TERRIFIC BLAST.

The building where the mixing was taking place was blown sky-high, three men losing their lives.

The three men killed were:—
Mr. J. G. La Fraik, works manager;
Mr. Edward Norris, foreman; and
Mr. Arthur Boorman, chemist.

Shortly before 9 a.m. the reverberating roar was heard. A great pall of black smoke spread through the streets.

50,000 GET JOBS IN A MONTH

By Our Industrial Correspondent

MORE than 50,000 workers have found employment this month.

The Government's A.R.P. scheme is partly responsible.

Twenty thousand extra men are working in the iron and steel works, producing shelters.

Another 20,000 have been engaged by transport undertakings and municipalities to take the shelters from the works to the towns, and erect them in back gardens.

Leaf work will continue for some months yet, and an increasing number of men will find employment as the production of shelters is speeded up.

The speeding up and expansion of the general rearmament programme is also having a considerable effect on unemployment, especially in the iron, steel and engineering industries.

MOTOR RECORD

Ordinary industries are also expanding.

Motor production is at its highest March point in history.

The clothing industry is also more active than it has ever been before. Big contracts for the War Office, the Navy and the Air Force are being executed in Yorkshire and Leicestershire.

Gas and electricity outputs are at the highest point in history.

Road transport is expanding.

The tinplate industry in South Wales is doing better than for two years past. And 200 new factories are being erected in various parts of the country.

Ambulances, doctors and nurses rushed to the factory. Relatives of people employed there waited anxiously while the rescuers got to work.

Inside, a ghastly sight was seen by the men who risked their lives in attempts to help the victims.

A gaping hole was all that was left of the shed in which three men had just begun their morning's work.

RUSHED TO HOSPITAL

Splintered wood from the wrecked shed had been hurled in all directions. Some of it fell a quarter of a mile away. Women working in another part of the factory were thrown to the ground.

Five of them were taken to hospital, suffering from cuts and shock. Among them was Mrs. Boorman, mother of the dead chemist.

She was detained; but the others were allowed to go to their homes after treatment.

The cause of the explosion has not yet been ascertained, but the police believe that any question of sabotage can be ruled out.

The shed, a big wooden building, contained blasting powder.

EARTH "SHAKEN"

Huge mounds of earth surrounding the shed prevented the other parts of the works from being more badly damaged.

Mr. A. J. Seggery, who was at work in a building about half a mile from the scene of the explosion, described it as something terrific.

He added that the crash seemed to shake the earth all around.

Investigations are being carried on by an inspector of explosives from the Home Office.

(See Picture in Page Three.)

On Other Pages

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RADIO GUIDE ... Page 18

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DARTS CONTEST ... Page 23

"COUGHED UNTIL HE FELT HIS LUNGS WOULD BURST!"



Do-Do HAS ENDED HIS 20 YEARS OF COUGHING!

Do-Do (Brand) Tablets have amazing power to conquer stubborn and deep-seated coughs. No matter what is the cause of your cough Do-Do will give you relief and ease. A shilling packet will prove it! Do-Do tablets conquer wicked coughs in an amazingly short time because they are virtually solid medicine—a unique combination of medicaments of the highest therapeutic (curative) value.

Because of their amazing power to curtail and prevent Asthma attacks, Do-Do tablets are usually described as Do-Do (Brand) Asthma Tablets. They are, however, of the utmost value in the treatment of Bronchial Asthma, Bronchitis, Night Coughing Fits, Croup, Whooping Cough, and in all respiratory disorders in which coughing spasms and laboured breathing are symptoms. Do-Do (Brand) Tablets are sold by qualified Chemists everywhere at 1s. (7 full doses), 3s. (over 4 times the 1s. size), and 10s. 6d. (17 times the 1s. size). Get a packet today, or use the coupon below for Free Test Supply.

"My name and address can be broadcast all over the world, and I will convince people that what I say is correct."

The above words were written "from his heart" by Mr. H. H. of Wandswoth, on November 19th, 1938. Here are further extracts from his entirely unsolicited testimonial.

"I have never written and praised any medicine in my life, but I must certainly do so now. I was badly gassed (Mustard) 20 years ago, and I have tried various cough cures, but 3 weeks ago a friend told me 'Try a packet of Do-Do tablets' I did, and what a RELIEF.

Words cannot express my praise. I take one tablet every night before going to bed, and my wife says, what a treat not being disturbed during the night by my spasms of coughing, and I say what a treat it is to get up in the morning and not sit on the bed for about 10 minutes coughing till you feel as if you are going to burst. My message to people with chest trouble is TRY DO-DO TABLETS and they would never be without them."

(signed) H. H.

Do-Do
7 FULL DOSES
for 1
ASTHMA TABLETS
SEND NOW!

INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES LTD.,
30-42 Smedley Street, London, S.W.8

I have NOT tried Do-Do. Please send me a Free Test Supply. (Don't seal envelope; use 4d. stamp.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... P. 18

Pines For "Paradise" ISLAND PRINCE STRANDED IN DOCKLAND

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE PEOPLE"

WALKING THE WATERFRONT AT VICTORIA DOCKS, LONDON, IS A LONELY PRINCE, HOME-SICK FOR HIS ISLAND AND HIS PEOPLE. HE IS PRINCE TASI GALLAHA, OF THE FRIENDLY ISLES, A DESCENDANT OF TUBOU III, QUEEN OF TONGA.

His ancestor, he claims, was "King of Heaven"—a god who came to live on his island.

Tasi wanted to visit England, but he was laughed at because he couldn't master the English language.

Then, one day, a big cargo boat lay off the island and signalled for two additional to the crew.

Gathering a few garments together, Tasi ran from his home to the beach and paddled his canoe to the vessel bound for England.

His tearful mother stood at the water's edge, calling him back. His island lover ran to her side and waved good-bye to the Royal adventurer.

To-day, after 18 months in England, Tasi is stranded and penniless. He wants to go home because he doesn't like England.

"Everything costs money over here," he complains.

During his stay he found work on a farm and in an engineering firm. Now he wants to take back modern ideas that will help his people.

"English people do not know how to live," he said. "All you think about is making money. Why don't you enjoy yourselves as we do in Tonga? We are always happy. There is plenty of food for everyone. Nobody has to work much."

Tasi's South Sea Island has solved the

unemployment question. The natives lie in the shades of palm trees and go to sleep. Or they may dig up a yam or pluck a banana when they're hungry.

It is a paradise island where beautiful native girls dance to strumming guitars, and the young men amuse themselves hunting wild horses, boars and parrots in the mountain lale of Eau.

Tasi claims that the girls of his island are the loveliest in the world.

The evenings are spent dancing, singing and feasting under tropical moonlight. At a special ceremony, such as Tasi's return, more than a thousand pigs are killed for a feast.

RAIN GOD

The natives worship a heaven-god when they want rain; an earth-god when they want food, and, after death, they believe that their spirits depart to the underworld, Pulo.

But even "hell" is a paradise to them! The young prince looks forward to his return when he can go shark-fighting with his friends. He has often dived into a lagoon and tackled a fully-grown shark single-handed.

But now, Tasi is seeking a boat to his South Seas paradise. He wants a berth as cook on board a ship passing Tonga, his Isle of Dreams.

WAR-RISK SHIP INSURANCES UP

New York, Saturday

Marine underwriters in New York announce increases of from 100 to 400 per cent, in war risk insurance for Europe-bound cargoes.

The increases will come into effect on Monday.—B.U.P.

She's Cured All Her "Blues"

NURSE

SPORTSMAN
WEDS



Miss Audrey Odhams after her marriage at Christ Church, Victoria-st., yesterday, to Mr. Leslie Cornelius, the amateur jockey.

PLANE'S RACECOURSE CRASH

A single-seater R.A.F. aeroplane, piloted by Roy Frederick Ferdinand, whose home is at Chessam Bois, Bucks, crashed yesterday in a snowstorm on the Hampshire Hunt point-to-point racecourse at Norton Farm, Farringdon, near Alton, a few minutes after the last race finished.

The machine was wrecked, but the pilot escaped with injuries.

SPLENDID NEW PRIZE OFFER AGAIN TO-DAY

HAVING "TOTTED" UP HER RESOURCES, MISS JESSIE BRUCE HENDERSON, OF 26, PORCHESTER- RD., BOURNEMOUTH, HAD JUST DECIDED THAT THEY DID NOT WARRANT HER TAKING A HOLIDAY THIS YEAR. THEN A KNOCK CAME AT THE DOOR, AND SHE LEARNED TO HER UNBOUNDED DELIGHT THAT SHE HAD WON OUTRIGHT THE £1,250 CASH PRIZE OFFERED IN CONNECTION WITH "THE PEOPLE" CROSSWORD No. 145

"The People" representative who took her the good news left her debating with herself the merits of various cruises!

"It's an awful lot of money," commented this fifty-three-years-old Scots nursing sister, as she sorted out holiday guides picturing the glories of the Mediterranean.

DREAM COME TRUE

"Athens, Constantinople—I've read about these places during long spells of night duty," she said, "but never did I dream that one day I should be able to pack my bag and actually visit them."

"But now, thanks to 'The People's' grand competition, those dreams that used to while away long nights, will come true."

"I received one of your splendid runners-up prizes, and I said to myself, 'Ah, you won't get as near as that again for a long while.' This proves I was wrong."

"I should never give up doing 'The People' Crosswords even if there were no prizes," Miss Henderson went on. "They're such good fun and they've become a habit with me."

Miss Henderson holds the Royal Red Cross, 2nd class, and the Serbian Samaritan Cross—both for war work. This cheerful Scots nurse reads "The Competitor's World" and thinks it "a sure aid to success."

Some time ago she filled in a coupon correctly—only to find that she had broken a rule and was disqualified.

"I'm putting some of this money away for a rainy day, some for a good holiday and some towards publishing a little book that I've written," Miss Henderson added.

HELP FOR SISTER

She didn't say much about this, but some of her winnings will also help one of her sisters in America, who has a sick husband and four children to look after.

And now, what Miss Henderson has done, you, too, can do this week.

Our attractive new offer is a splendid first prize comprising a trip for four people to New York World's Fair, with £1,000 in cash. The alternative first prize is a sum of £1,250.

Think of the thrill and fun of a double Atlantic crossing with friends or relatives, and think of the things you'll have to tell on your return about America's monster show.

Think, too, that there will be no money worries awaiting you when you get home again. With £1,000 you'll be able to have a really good time and still have enough to make the future free from care.

In addition to the magnificent first prize offer, there are unlimited awards for runners-up.

Page Eighteen contains full details. Turn there now and win the happiness you seek.

CROSSWORD No. 145

In connection with Crossword No. 145, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious answers on one square (see below) were those submitted by—

Miss J. Henderson, 26, Porchester-rd., Bournemouth.

Subject to the terms and conditions of the competition, she will receive a cheque for £1,250 or a house, garden and garage in any district value £800 and £300 with which to furnish it, and a 4-door Morris "g" saloon car, in accordance with the offer made.

Any other entrants who believe that he, or she, submitted a square eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than first post Wednesday, March 29, sending £1 scrutiny fee, copy of all squares submitted and postal order number. Envelope to be registered marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Manager, "The People," 6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the runners-up prizes.

1st Runners-up—39 competitors, from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate answer compared with the best square received, will be notified and given a choice of one of the 15 articles offered.

2nd Runners-up—319 competitors, from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only two less apt and accurate answers compared with the best square received, will be notified; each lady will receive an electric comb, and each gentleman an automatic cigarette box.

Two squares each contain two letters to indicate that at these points competitors who used the words GONE or DONE and BOG or SOG were regarded as having submitted answers of equal merit.

Extracts from the reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 145 form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in this week's "The Competitor's World."

This free publication may be obtained on application. Send 6d. P.O. order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed & Co., to cover postage for the next 12 issues. Address: Your Envelope, "The People," Competition Department, 6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.



MISS HENDERSON

PLAYS CARDS IN DEATH CELL

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

"I AM PLAYING CARDS OR ELSE READING TO TAKE MY MIND OFF, BUT YOU KNOW, VI, IT IS VERY HARD. I CANNOT HELP THINKING WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THIS LAST EFFORT FAILS..."

This is part of a letter written to his sister, Miss Violet Butler, by twenty-nine-year-old William Butler, now lying in the condemned cell at Wandsworth Jail.

His sister has collected evidence on which a petition for a reprieve has been based, but unless this is granted he will die on Wednesday for the murder of a Surbiton jeweller.

Butler's wife, who visited her husband in prison yesterday, took the petition to the Home Office before she did so. It has been signed by several thousand Teddington residents.

"IF I AM SPARED"

Butler's letter to his sister was the last of a number he has written to all his nearest relatives.

"If my life is spared," he wrote, "I shall do all my 'time' with a good heart, because sparing my life will also make all my dear lovable people happy again."

"Whatever happens, still think of me as your old brother. I know you believe this—that I did not bring this on myself."

Later in the letter he asks what inquiries are being made about the attaché case which has not been found, and which, he alleges, was open on the counter when he was in the murdered man's shop.

"It may not be important, but how fine it would be if someone came forward and proved who owned that dreadful knife," he said.

Writing to his mother, he asked her to see him again, saying: "We do not have much to say, but you must know how I like to have you here with me."

SUCCESS SECRET

One of the secrets of Miss Henderson's success this week is a regular study of our free Crossword magazine, "The Competitor's World."

"I would not be without it," she said, "and I advise all competitors to read it carefully, especially the article giving the extracts from the findings of the Adjudication Committee in each competition."

Send for "The Competitor's World" to-day. Each copy is full of Crossword hints and advice and contains an additional entry form, addressed entry envelope and miniature squares for keeping copies of entries.

Write to The Competition Department, 6, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4. Enclose a 6d. P.O. (crossed) & Co., and made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. to cover cost of postage for 12 weeks.

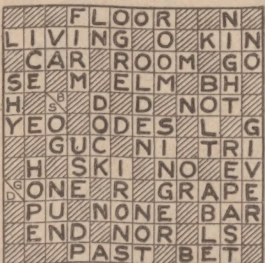
"THE PEOPLE'S" CROSSWORD, No. 145

The most meritorious answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those shown in the square on right.

Two squares each contain two letters to indicate that at these points competitors who used the words GONE or DONE and BOG or SOG were regarded as having submitted answers of equal merit.

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500 Women Accused Of Killing One Man

Capetown, Saturday.

FIVE HUNDRED native women were brought up for trial in Verulam, Natal, to-day, accused of murdering one man.

The man had attacked Chief Shembe, and the women of the tribe stoned him to death. His body was found buried under the heap of stones which had been hurled at him.—B.U.P.

Adventure Calls To Youth

PIONEERS OF 1939 TOOK "THE PEOPLE'S" TIP

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

WHEN, A FEW WEEKS AGO, TWELVE YOUNG MEN READ THEIR COPIES OF "THE PEOPLE," THEY DID SOMETHING THAT CHANGED THE COURSE OF THEIR LIVES. READING OF THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES THAT AUSTRALIA OFFERS ENTERPRISE, THEY CAME TO A GREAT RESOLVE.

Yesterday, at Tilbury, I said good-bye to the young adventurers, sailing away to a new life with a laugh on their lips, and hope in their hearts.

Australia will welcome these new chums, who come to them under the

Church of England Empire Settlement Scheme, for they are of the stuff of which settlers are made.

None of these hardy lads was thrilled. They realised that for most of

the hours of daylight they would be hard at it, shearing sheep, milking, mustering, droving, "running-up" the horses, chopping wood or drawing water.

Yet none regretted his choice.

HOPES FOR A FARM

"People" pioneer Bob Smith, of Leyton, squared his shoulders as he told me. "My mind's made up. For years I sat on a high stool, adding up figures. I hated it. Now I'm off to a place where I can breathe."

"Work! That does not worry me. You've got to work anywhere. I hope to be able to settle down and have a farm of my own some day."

Peter Kempe, a Kilmore, Ireland, bank porter, admitted that Australia might be glamorous. "But I was brought up on a farm," he declared, "so I know what I'm up against."

Bill Robbins, Southall cinema operator, watched the lands of colour and sunshine he projected on the screen, and longed to be away.

"I'll stick farming for a year or two," he explained, "then I hope to join the Australian police."

Testing the pluck and courage of the other "People" pioneers—ploughboys, errand boys, garag, hands, and mechanics—met with the same results.

All of them showed the grit, spirit, and intelligence to take hard knocks, face the challenge of sunny Australia, and wrest a living out of nature.

When it's
NO SMOKING
by Order

Men in uniform can't smoke on duty — nor can millions in mufti. Rules forbid. When that longing for a smoke becomes a nagging misery, pop a Rowntree Fruit Gum or Pastille into your mouth—and at once your mouth feels good—that 'want-better' That 'no-smoking' craving goes—that 'want-something-in-my-mouth' feeling goes. Jitteriness vanishes! It's not just the taste of fruit in Rowntree's Fruit Gums or Pastilles that does it! Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles soothe and protect the mouth and throat in a way no other sweets can. Lasting, soothing relief!

Let Rowntree's
(FRUIT GUMS AND PASTILLES)
**refresh
and soothe**

Mixed Gums
Mixed Pastilles
**2d
TUBES**
3d & 6d packets
Loose 6d per 1 lb.

Pop a packet in your pocket on your way to work each day!

WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR?



Look for this cover in FULL COLOURS

JUST OUT!

Wednesday. Every week there is a million-copy edition of "Illustrated." 64 Big pages for 2d., world-record value! A paper that has so quickly captured such a great and regular following must have something you and your family cannot afford to miss. In the issue out Wednesday, there are pages and pages of pictures—fraught with action and drama—taking you inside a great Children's Hospital... on the decks of a Submarine Chaser... in the B.B.C. to see how "In Town Tonight" is made... behind the Boat Race scenes... Close up to a famous dancer, recording every action with a "Shot-Gun" Camera. There are pages of Humour, three in colour, with drawings by nearly 30 artists. In the large magazine section there are five complete stories, including the first of a new series featuring Alonzo MacTavish, Peter Cheyney's famous wireless character. In an intriguing article Mrs. Roosevelt (Yes, the President's Wife) tells you something about Films. What tremendous value for 2d. Don't miss it! Make sure of your copy by placing a standing order with your newsagent to deliver "Illustrated" with your newspaper every Wednesday morning.

ILLUSTRATED
OUT WEDNESDAY-64 PAGES-TWOPENCE

AFTER THE EXPLOSION



Officials examining the debris after the explosion at a chemical shed at Faversham yesterday. Full story in Page One.

Al Capone "Squealed" On Him GANGSTER "BIG SHOT" FOR TRIAL

New York, Saturday.

LAST OF THE "BIG SHOTS" OF THE GANGSTER WORLD, JOHNNY TORRIO IS TO STAND HIS TRIAL NEXT WEEK. TORRIO IS THE MAN WHO TAUGHT "SCARFACE" AL CAPONE WHAT HE KNEW ABOUT CRIME.

He is to appear, with four others, on charges of income-tax evasion similar to those which sent Capone to prison for eleven years after "Scarface" had defied all other means of bringing him to justice.

The amount involved is £17,300. There are also charges of perjury, obstruction of justice and conspiracy.

With him will appear his brother-in-law, William Slockower, a former henchman of Al Capone, Louis La Cava, John D'Agostino and James La Penna. They are accused of conspiring with William H. Boyd, a former Assistant Attorney-General, to defraud the Government.

Boyd, when accused of accepting \$5,000 in bribes from Torrio, hanged himself.

It is reported that Al Capone, from his prison cell at Alcatraz, the jail on an island in San Francisco Bay, has broken the code of the underworld by "squealing" on Torrio, the man who put him on the path to control of Chicago vice and crime.

Surviving all his wounds to reach the age of fifty-six, which is comparative ripeness for an American gangster,

Torrio is now a plump, well-tailored person who looks like a retired business man.

When he was first arrested in 1936, his wife brought \$200,000 in notes to the court to bail him out.

Torrio began life in the Brooklyn slums, became a billiards hall proprietor, and, early in the days of Prohibition, went to Chicago as lieutenant to "Big Jim" Colosimo, first "Czar" of Chicago's underworld.

He helped Colosimo to place crime on an organized basis, and, for a time after "Big Jim's" assassination, he was the chief racketeer of Chicago.

But a young man whom Torrio had brought to Chicago to help gradually pushed him aside. That was Al Capone—B.U.P.

Why Typists Hesitate To Become "Mrs."

MARRIAGES DELAYED YEARS TO GET WHITEHALL DOWRY

Men v. Wives

In Court

TEA-FOR ONE

MAN: It was not long before my wife came upstairs again. She said, "You asked me to get up and make you a cup of tea." I said, "I did." She said, "Do you still want it?" I said, "I do." She said, "Well here it is." And she emptied the teapot over me.

Defendant: "I told my wife that she couldn't get blood out of a stone, and she said that all she wanted was some money."

Clerk: "Did your husband give you any reason for not paying?"

Wife: "I don't think he ever really enjoyed it."

FOUL

Husband: "I can't joke with my wife like other men joke with their wives. She always hits me back."

Solicitor: "Why do you object to your husband buying you a few flowers?"

Woman: "Because I can't afford it."

Wife: "The only time I have heard my husband swear was when the lights failed and he picked up a milk bottle by mistake."

BLISS

Solicitor: "Were you and your wife ever happy together?"

Man: "Oh, yes—there were times when we completely forgot we were married."

Husband: "When I married my wife I thought she was going to make me a good partner. Well, I was right inasmuch that she is a good sparring partner."

Man: "My married life is full of memories, memories mostly of unpaid bills."

MILLIONS MORE FOR ROADS

TWO million pounds more will be spent on new roads this year than last—£24,000,000 in all.

This is one of the items which show an increase in the health, labour and insurance estimates, published yesterday.

But the total of these estimates—£172,319,298—is £231,315 below that of last year.

The Ministry of Health estimate totals £22,325,789, against £22,752,582 in 1938, and old-age pensions will account for £48,717,000, an increase of £800,000.

Widows, orphans and old-age contributory pensions will amount to £19,950,000, an increase of £2,950,000 on last year, while the Ministry of Labour estimate totals £24,264,000, a decrease of £213,010.

The Unemployment Assistance Board estimate of £43,930,000 represents a decrease of £415,000. Housing grants total £15,534,000, an increase of £547,000.

It May Mean £180 Wedding Present

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

MANY WHITEHALL TYPISTS, WHO MUST GIVE UP THEIR JOBS WHEN THEY MARRY, ARE GOING IN FOR LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

The reason, in many cases, is that they can obtain a dowry of as much as £180 by waiting.

Statistics show that of the 4,482 shorthand-typists in the Civil Service, 1,403 are between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five, while from twenty-six to thirty—when the "dowry" would begin to take effect—there is a drop to 1,199, and the drop continues as age increases.

MAKES A DIFFERENCE

This has led to a suggestion that girls are prolonging their engagements until they qualify for their dowry—one month's pay for each year of established service, with a maximum of 12.

Miss Mary Morris, secretary of the National Association of Women Civil Servants, said yesterday:

"I certainly think they consider it; it makes a great difference to a girl who will—if she earns the shorthand-typist's maximum salary of £3 12s. a week—get a wedding present of £180."

"Last year, of all the cases of marriage among Civil Servants shorthand-typists came to my notice. I believe every one had qualified for her dowry."

"So it certainly looks as if some of them were planning their marriages accordingly."

"After all, they're entitled to it. It's not so much a gift as a compensation for the marriage bar in the Service."

SLOVAKS AGREE TO ARMISTICE

Bratislava, Saturday.

AT THE END OF ANOTHER DAY'S FIGHTING AND AERIAL BOMBING IN SLOVAKIA, IT WAS REPORTED LAST NIGHT THAT THE HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT HAD PROPOSED TO THE SLOVAK GOVERNMENT THE APPOINTMENT OF A JOINT COMMISSION FOR DELIMITATION OF THE SLOVAK-HUNGARIAN FRONTIERS.

This proposal was accepted, and Slovak members of the Commission will leave on Monday for Budapest to begin negotiations.

A rumour circulating in Bratislava says this step was taken following a German threat to Hungary.

ITALIAN BOMBERS

The hostilities had continued throughout the night, and it is reported that nine Italian-built bombers in the service of Hungary bombed Spiska Novoves, the chief town in Southern Slovakia, for half an hour. Another southern town, Horny, Osozovec, was bombed by two planes.

Rome reports declare that the Slovakian situation was discussed there between the Italian Foreign Minister, Count Ciano, and Sir Noel Charles, British Charge d'Affaires.

Count Ciano is said to have supported the Hungarian point of view, that "incidents" had occurred on the frontier because it had never been marked out.

FOREIGN AGENTS BLAMED FOR ARMS SABOTAGE

From Our Own Correspondent

Paris, Saturday.

TO end a wave of sabotage in plane and arms factories, the French Government has approved a drastic decree law which will enable the death sentence to be pronounced for this crime, even in peace-time.

Many acts of sabotage in all branches of war material production have been reported during the last few weeks, and it is believed that they have been carried out by an organised band which is working for a Power, or Powers, who want to see France's rearmament programming put out of gear.

Though secret agents are now on the watch in all factories engaged on rearmament work, none of the culprits have been detected.

DAY AND NIGHT WATCH

Even in factories where the detectives have kept a day-and-night watch it has been discovered that dud material has been passed as sound.

It is clear that the "saboteurs" are employees in the factories, and the authorities feel that the only way to cope with the menace is to make those concerned realise that discovery will mean certain death.

Notices to this effect will be posted in all factories and depots.

The correspondence of all employees is being subjected to secret censorship.



Bunny Austin, Davis Cup team player, bids goodbye at Waterloo Station, yesterday, to his actress wife, Phyllis Konstam. He is to tour America "preaching moral rearmament through sport."

20 BISHOPS HELP AT CONSECRATION

Assisted by 20 Bishops and Suffragan Bishops, the Archbishop of York, in York Minster yesterday, consecrated the Very Rev. Alwyn Terrell Petre Williams, Bishop of Durham in succession to Dr. Hensley Henson.

The Bishop-designate was presented by the Bishops of Newcastle and Bristol. The Epistle was read by the Bishop of Blackburn and the gospel by the Bishop of Carlisle.

Meet the girls from the Black Cat Pack



Every packet of Black Cat cigarettes contains a splendid studio portrait of a famous Film Star—plus the finest value-for-money cigarettes on the market. They give you cool, clean smoking because they are made from the finest air-conditioned tobacco, and rolled in snow-white English paper.

Try a packet to-day and get the best value in cigarettes—the best series of cigarette cards—and remember, the 15 for 6d. packet has an extra large cigarette card.

BLACK CAT
MEDIUM
CIGARETTES 10 for 4^d 15 for 6^d

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY



The
RULES OF HEALTH
are few and simple

Excuse me—
Inner Cleanliness
comes first!

Yes, dear lady. Always remember this first health rule—Inner Cleanliness. There's nothing like being clean inside to keep you bright outside, and to be completely clean inside take Andrews Liver Salt.

Immediately you drink your tonic glass of Andrews it cleans the tongue and refreshes the mouth. Next it settles the stomach and corrects acidity—only in this way can the breath be sweet. Andrews also wakes up the liver, and finally—to make your Inner Cleanliness complete—it clears the bowels gently and efficiently. Andrews is the delicious inner cleansing health drink, the gradual and natural corrective of constipation. Take it regularly—the same dose is always effective.

Observe, then, this foremost rule of health—Andrews for Inner Cleanliness. Get your own tin of Andrews Liver Salt to-day. 4 ozs. 9d., 8 ozs. 1/4.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your
ANDREWS
THE IDEAL TONIC LAXATIVE

When days are
cold try Andrews
with the chill off

"Britain A Dog Without A Bite"

Milan, Saturday.

ABARKING DOG THAT NEVER BITES" IS THE DESCRIPTION APPLIED TO BRITAIN BY MARSHAL GOERING IN AN INTERVIEW WITH MUSSOLINI'S NEWSPAPER, "POPOLO D'ITALIA."

"The Axis is unbreakable,"

Marshal Goering said. "Germany will stand by Italy, whatever happens."

"Any greater power for Germany is greater power for Italy, and vice versa."

"What do the two European democracies hope to gain by their present anti-Totalitarian campaign? The cries on behalf of democracy from Paris and London, and especially those from London, leave us completely cold, because, as you know, the proverb says, 'The barking dog never bites.'"

"We are not even surprised at England trying to incite the greatest possible number of nations to break the solidity of the Axis."

"We hope these nations are wise enough and know enough history to know that England has always found enough fools to fight for her, though it seems the Axis has opened the eyes of many nations. Recent events have proved it."

"We continue our march straight ahead, with one objective—peace and justice for all peoples."



Marshal Goering

"On this celebration of the twentieth anniversary of Fascism, we are happy to confirm that the Italian and German Fascists are indivisible, and that any attempt to undermine this friendship in the hope of separating us is destined to fail and merely makes us laugh."

—B.U.P.

"2 GROWING CHILDREN and our 2 selves to keep on £3-2-6 A WEEK



Kenneth and Jeanne are glowing with health! Kenneth is 11, plays in his school cricket team, is good at soccer — and now he's learning to box. But he is good at his school work too — he has won a scholarship to a secondary school. Little Jeanne is just 4½.

...that takes some doing"

SAYS MRS. RAINBOW OF BIRMINGHAM

**CLEVER HOUSEWIFE ALWAYS
SERVES ROWNTREE'S COCOA
BECAUSE IT AIDS DIGESTION
— HELPS TO MAKE MEALS
MORE NOURISHING**

"I SUPPOSE I really shouldn't complain," Mrs. Rainbow says, "because 28/- a week for food does look a lot. But it's surprising how fast it goes when you have two growing youngsters — and a hungry husband."

"But I've found the way out now. There's always a tin of Rowntree's Cocoa on the table at mealtimes. I'm sure they're right when they say it makes meals go further. Not that I skimp on buying provisions —

but when every penny counts, I like to know food is doing us good. I think the picture of my two kiddies shows that they're healthy and happy."

Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself — it actually helps people to digest all their other food more quickly and with less effort. This means children get more goodness out of their meals — put on extra bone, muscle and tissue. Rowntree's Cocoa has a rich chocolatey flavour. You need only half a teaspoonful to a cup — that's why it's so much more economical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks. Buy a 1-lb. tin for your store cupboard.

How Mrs. Rainbow's Budget works out

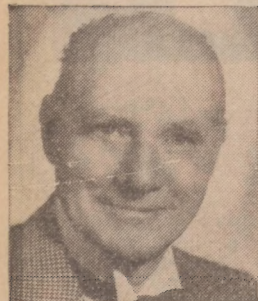
Rent	£8-0	Clothes	5-0
Coal	11-3	Food	18-0
Electricity	4-0	Sundries	4-3
Insurance	5-0	Newspapers	1-0
Total £3-2-6			



FREE GIFTS! Hundreds of valuable free gifts are offered in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Free Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 2d) to Dept. C590 Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet, containing Free Voucher, value three coupons.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

'worth a guinea a box'



"I say Beecham's Pills are wonderful..."

We have received this letter from a grand old man. He writes: "My recipe for good health and a long life is hard work and Beecham's Pills. I have taken Beecham's Pills for over 50 years. I work from morning till night and feel as fit as a fiddle. People think I'm wonderful but I say Beecham's Pills are." RESTORE and PRESERVE your good health with this world-famous, purely vegetable laxative, and prove that Beecham's Pills are Worth a Guinea a Box! Get some today. Beecham's Pills are sold everywhere.

Beecham's Pills

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LAXATIVE

Staff Of Secretaries For Murderer

OPENING HIS FAN MAIL

BUT ADMIRERS DISAPPOINT "MASS-KILLER"

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Versailles, Saturday.

THIS LONG-DRAWN-OUT TRIAL OF WIEDMANN, THE MASS MURDERER, EXPECTED TO PROVIDE THE MORBID-MINDED WITH GREATER THRILLS THAN ANY PREVIOUS PROCEEDINGS, HAS BECOME A BORE TO ALL CONCERNED—EVEN THE PRINCIPAL ACCUSED

When the trial opened, richly-gowned women from Paris and London fought their way into the public seats, expecting thrills far above those provided by the Landru case in the same court, but they soon found that there were no thrills to be had.

Now they come no more. For the vanity of Wiedmann this was too much. His "fan mail," much written on dainty crested and perfumed paper, had led him to expect the constant attendance of morbid feminine "hero" worshippers. When they did not show staying power he was bitter.

PRISON POST OFFICE
"They could shed tears and blow kisses to an ugly old bald head like Landru, a crude craftsman without a vestige of sex appeal, but for me, possessor of all the qualities that charm a woman they are cold."

Yet his "fan mail" reached such proportions that a special post office had to be established inside the prison to handle it. The authorities have now allotted him a secretarial staff numerous enough for a Prime Minister to enable him to complete before his execution, considered inevitable.

When asked to disclose the name of an

SCHOLAR AND OARSMAN AS I.L.P. CHAIRMAN

D. C. A. SMITH, better known, so far, in the scholastic world than in politics, will be the successor of Mr. James Maxton, M.P., as chairman of the Independent Labour Party, it was announced yesterday.

The other nominees, including Mr. Campbell Stephen, M.P., and Mr. Fenner Brockway, have withdrawn.

Dr. Smith served in the R.A.M.C., during the war and was awarded the Military Medal for carrying wounded through a curtain barrage at Fampoux.

After the war, he resumed his studies at King's College, Newcastle, and took the degrees of B.A. (Honours), M.A., and Ph.D. He was elected Student President, and was stroke of the College crew which won the Graduates' Cup.

He was a Parliamentary candidate for Dulwich (1929) and New Forest (1932), and was elected on the National Council of the I.L.P. in 1932.

In 1936 he took the B.Sc. (Econ.) degree with first-class honours in Modern History.

"LEGALLY" WED!

Husband and wife are practising law in Jerusalem as members of the British and Palestine Bars.

They are Mr. Colin Gluckman, formerly of South Africa, and his wife, who is a daughter of Mr. Justice G.D. Frumkin, of the Supreme Court Bench in Palestine.

Mr. Gluckman studied law in Johannesburg, where he was born. Miss Frumkin was called to the Bar in London.—Reuter.

ON CORAL BEACH



You can't see the coral—but it's there, on the beach at Nassau, where the old-time pirates of the former Spanish Main seem to have inspired this beach hat.

Widow Jailed SHE HELPED HUSBAND TO DIE

White Plains, New York State, Saturday.

SENTENCE of from two and a half years' to twenty years' imprisonment has been passed at White Plains on Marie Burckhalter, who was found guilty of first degree manslaughter by helping her husband to commit suicide.

The charge was laid under an old law forbidding "abetting a suicide." Mrs. Burckhalter is forty-four. She told a remarkable story of how her husband, Eugene Burckhalter, forty-seven-years-old president of a chemical company, committed suicide in his garage.

"I went with him to the garage," she said. "I was under his domination. I gave him the tubing from my vacuum cleaner. He tied it to the exhaust pipe of the car and ran the other end through a window."

"He tested the tubing three times. He was dopey, and I even had to show him where the starter on the car was. I had my maid prepare an egg-pog, and I took it out to my husband. I took my camera and posed him in front of the garage. He said to me: 'You've been a good pal, and went into the garage and closed the door.'"

"I went downtown shopping. I came back in about 20 minutes, went to the garage, and he was dead."

Mrs. Burckhalter was the beneficiary of a \$2,000 life insurance policy.

She was alleged to have told Mr. Gallagher (Assistant District Attorney) that her husband was "washed up financially and physically."

Swastika Divorce Suit

HITLER BROKE UP THEIR HOME

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

Paris, Saturday.

BECAUSE HER HUSBAND, BORN IN ALSACE UNDER GERMAN RULE, WAS TOO PRO-NAZI, A FRENCH-WOMAN HAS BEEN GRANTED A DIVORCE WITH CUSTODY OF THE THREE CHILDREN OF THE MARRIAGE.

The wife said that in the last two years the husband had carried his prejudices to the point of papering the walls of their home with Swastika designs and pictures of Hitler were hung in every room, while the wireless was always tuned to Nazi propaganda. He insisted on the children giving the Nazi salute and wearing the swastika as an armband everywhere they went, despite the hostile demonstrations of neighbours and school mates.

REFUSED TO CHANGE

The wife maintained that this constituted cruelty sufficient to justify divorce, and after long legal arguments the Divorce Court accepted her contention and granted a decree with custody of the children.

This was done after the judge had made the usual move, required by French law, to try to reconcile the couple during a talk to them in his private room, but the husband made an emphatic declaration that he would not under any circumstances alter his ways and abandon his attempts to bring the children up as adherents of the Hitler regime.

The husband was refused leave to appeal against the decision and was condemned to pay all costs, besides making an allowance to the wife and children.

"MECCA" FOR QUEER CULT

ZETETICIANS will be interested in the news that Smith's Farm, adjoining Cape Point and the Cape of Good Hope, is being acquired by Cape Town as a national playground.

For this farm has for many years figured in the arguments of the Zeteticians, who contend that the earth is flat in accordance with Bible authority.

Smith's Farm has, on its Eastern side, False Bay, and farther on are the Hot-tentot Hollands Mountains, ending in Cape Hangklip.

Beyond this a further range of hills extending to Danger Point, where the troopship Birkenhead went down in 1932.

The "flat-earthers" contend that as Smith's Farm is 50 miles from Danger Point in a straight line, and as the headland is visible sometimes, that is proof that the earth is flat. Otherwise, they say, the curvature of the earth would hide the headland completely.—B.U.P.

RODE HORSE AT 112

Sava Moise Popa, believed to be Rumania's oldest woman, has died at the age of 112 in the village of Dragoslavele, near Rucar.

Up to her last year she used to work in the fields, and could ride on horseback. After her hundredth birthday she lived chiefly on vegetables.—Reuter.

U-BOAT FOR TURKEY

Kiel, Saturday.

A submarine built at the Krupp Germania yards for the Turkish Navy will be launched here on Tuesday.—Reuter.

"PAY, OR BE POSTED": THEY PAY!

From Our Own Correspondent

Reading, Saturday.

TWO PEOPLE IN READING ARE TO BE MADE LOCALLY FAMOUS ON MONDAY—IF THEY DO NOT PAY THEIR GROCER'S BILL TO-NIGHT.

Mr. Albert Taylor, an ex-Serviceman who has a shop in Prince of Wales-avenue, issued an ultimatum to his customers some days ago. Those who did not pay their debts, he said, would have their names posted in the shop.

Twenty debtors, some of long standing, had paid up by to-day, when the ultimatum expired. Only two remained indifferent.

"I hope they will come to terms by to-night," said Mr. Taylor. "If they do not, their names will be posted. I advise other tradespeople to follow my example. Far too many of us have been ruined by bad debts."

Woman Invades Men's G.P.O. Job

CIVIL SERVICE HISTORY HAS BEEN MADE BY MISS M. A. CARTER, A YOUNG WOMAN WORKING IN A LONDON TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

She is the first woman who has passed the Post Office examination for assistant traffic superintendent.

In 1927 Miss Carter entered the telephone service as an operator in the Sydenham exchange.

Later she went to the international exchange near St. Paul's-churchyard. Determined to get to know all about the technical side of the job, she studied electricity, magnetism and electro-technology in her spare time.

In 1936 she passed the Post Office's clerical exam. Then she began to study subjects which had hitherto been regarded as "for men only."

She took English mathematics, electricity, general knowledge, telephony and electro-technology. Then she passed an oral examination—a test of personality.

She is now a full-fledged assistant traffic superintendent.

She is starting soon on a special course of training for her new duties.

These may mean the supervision of staffing of equipment of a 'phone exchange, the handling of phone traffic data, or the handling of subscribers' complaints.

FLAG-MAKING "BOOM"

The flag-making business in Canton is enjoying an unprecedented boom as a result of the return of Chinese traders to the city.

For self-protection, every shop, store or hotel reopening makes it a practice to have on hand ready for use either a Japanese flag or the old five-barred flag of China, or both.

Flag-makers, as a consequence, are working overtime.—Reuter.

False Teeth

cleaned
without
scrubbing
overnight
or while
you
dress



Actual photo—before and after

Clean your dentures the way over 8,000 dentists advise, just place them in a glass or denture bath and add water and Milton Denture Powder. The darkest, oldest stains disappear, the natural gum colour comes back, the teeth become pearly white. Your denture is made germ-free and comfortable overnight or while you dress. 6d, 1/-, 3/9.

**MILTON
DENTURE
POWDER**

Do you suffer from INDIGESTION?

If you are over 21 and can say you never suffer from indigestion you are to be envied. For indigestion is one of the penalties of modern life, and its most frequent starting point is excess acidity. The causes of excess acidity are almost too numerous to mention, but the never-failing remedy for this painful condition is the alkaline powder sold as Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Immediately it comes into contact with the excess acidity that is making your stomach so painful, the acidity subsides in a twinkling. Pain, distension and flatulence disappear and your stomach returns to its normal size and comfort.

How is Maclean Brand Stomach Powder able to bring such quick, sure relief? Simply because it is compounded to a formula which is the most efficacious prescription ever compiled for ending stomach pains. If you suffer from indigestion in any form take a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and see for yourself what a remarkable remedy it is. But remember only MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder will do—with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- Powder or Tablets, also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d.—Advt.



Everyone
likes
the
flavour

If you've a bottle of "Camp" Coffee in the cupboard visitors are always sure of a warm welcome. It scarcely takes a minute to produce cups of hot delicious coffee with "Camp." You simply add a teaspoonful of "Camp" to each cup of hot milk and water.

You don't need to worry about how your coffee will "turn out." You know the flavour will be perfect because "Camp" is made for you by expert coffee makers, concentrated and bottled in this handy labour-saving form.

"Camp" is the modern coffee for busy people who want the best and want it quickly. Ask your grocer for "Camp."

'CAMP'

COFFEE

is simply made for Visitors

Per bottle: 5/- 9/- 1/5 3/4

Sold only in Sealed Cartons

PROPERTY OWNERS FORM THEIR OWN POLICE VICE SQUAD TO CLEAN UP MAYFAIR

NEXT LADY. PLEASE!



Not in the barber's chair, but a demonstration of an ingenious instrument for removing cream or cosmetics from the skin.

UNDERWORLD IS MOVING WESTWARD!

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

LONDON IS TO HAVE A NEW "VICE SQUAD," WORKING INDEPENDENTLY OF SCOTLAND YARD. ITS MEMBERS WILL BE ACTIVE, DURING THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, IN THE HEART OF MAYFAIR.

Recruited from the ranks of the private detective bureaux, the new body will be employed to keep watch on houses and blocks of flats.

The formation of this "Vice Squad" is the direct result of the meeting of Mayfair residents and property owners a few weeks ago, at which the problem of undesirable tenants of Mayfair flats was discussed.

For years the exclusive area of the West End which embraces Park-lane and its surrounding streets was considered to be sacrosanct.

PROPERTY OWNERS ALARMED

But, in recent years, owners of property there have become alarmed by the gradual encroachment of men and women engaged in underworld rackets.

Gambling halls calling themselves "clubs"; flats in which vicious orgies are staged, and rooms rented by undesirable women have been leased by agents on behalf of owners who, when the police have taken action, have sheltered themselves behind these agents, alleging that they were unaware of what was happening.

Despite the fact that thousands of pounds per week change hands in some of the gambling rooms of Mayfair, the tenants of these places pay only nominal rents.

"It has been decided," a woman landlord, who attended the secret meeting in Westminster, told me yesterday, "to have suspicious houses watched by private detectives."

"The business of getting evidence against these people who are bringing Mayfair into disrepute is a very difficult one, but we are determined to do all that lies in our power to protect the good name of the locality."

Sir Henry Vanderpant, a former Mayor of Westminster, who was at one time Chairman of the City's Watch Committee, presided at the meeting at which this decision was taken.

"I have lived in Mayfair for 20 years," Sir Henry said, "and during that time the district has changed beyond all seeming."

Recent scandals which have received widespread publicity have spurred the residents and houseowners of Mayfair to take action to protect their property.

Another property-owner who controls a considerable number of service flats in the vicinity of Park-lane said to me:

AGENTS' DIFFICULTIES

"One of the most difficult things these days is for a house agent or a landlord to make really sure that a prospective tenant is of good character, and not likely to bring a place into disrepute."

"I have just had an instance in which a young woman gave what appeared to be the most unimpeachable references."

"But, within a few weeks, there was trouble, and other people living in the flats made a joint protest because of the wild parties staged by the new tenant, and the undesirable people who frequented the place at all hours of the day and night."

"I had great difficulty in getting rid of this woman."

It is likely that when the new campaign to keep watch over houses which come under suspicion gets under way, some sensational developments may be expected.

You May Not Agree That—

This'll Cure Your Dumps

YOU KNOW HOW PEOPLE WORRY OVER THINGS. EVERYONE WILL GO ON DOING IT, TILL THIS BLESSED WORLD FINISHES FLAT AGAINST ANOTHER PLANET.

There have always been anxieties over health, money, and similar blighting possibilities, and, to-day, in addition, we get the old ghost of war at our feasts.

Maybe young Johnny isn't the strong laddie he ought to be by now. Or perhaps those doctors' bills and instalment payments are leaving the family purse so thin you cannot imagine how ends are to meet.

I don't think one person in the

world is entirely carefree. If a fellow hasn't troubles, he makes them—imaginary ones to keep him busily brooding.

The other day I took a fit of blues over a matter which doesn't weigh at all with anyone else but myself, the kind to make you pace the carpet and later sit on the easy still asking how.

At that stage, my eye rested on a book by Frenchman Lammenais, which I lifted from the shelf to read with satisfaction and ultimate cure of my attack of the dumps.

ONE PART WILL SERVE. TWO MEN, THE STORY RAN, WERE NEIGHBOURS. EACH HAD SEVERAL CHILDREN, AND ONLY HIS OWN LABOUR TO SUPPORT THEM.

One of these men was uneasy within himself, saying, "If I die, or I fall sick, what will become of my children?"

This thought never left him, and it fretted his heart.

Now, although the other peasant had thought on the same lines, he never once dwelt for long upon it.

"Because," he reasoned, "God Who knows His creatures and watches over them, will watch over me and my children."

This one lived calmly, whereas the first did not enjoy a moment of peace in his heart.

ONE DAY, AS HE WAS WORKING IN THE FIELDS, SAD AND DEJECTED, HE SAW SOME BIRDS GO INTO A BUSH, THEN COME OUT, AND SOON RETURN AGAIN.

Approaching quietly he discovered two nests placed side by side, and, in each, several young ones, newly hatched and still helplessly featherless.

When he returned to work, every now and then he raised his eyes and watched the birds going to and fro, in and out, carrying food.

Then, suddenly, at the moment when one of the mother-birds was returning with her beak full, an eagle swooped down, seized her in his talons and carried her off.

At the sight, the poor peasant felt his soul more troubled than before for, thought he, the death of the parent is the death of the children.

NEXT DAY, WHEN HE HAD RETURNED TO THE FIELDS HE SAID TO HIMSELF, I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THE LITTLE ONES OF THIS POOR MOTHER. DOUBTLESS MANY OF THEM ARE ALREADY DEAD.

He walked towards the bush, and looking in, found that the young ones were all quite well.

In amazement, he hid himself to see what would happen.

After a short wait he heard a faint cry and noticed the second mother bird bringing food she had collected.

This she distributed among the little ones without distinction. All had a share, and the orphans, he realised, were certainly not abandoned to their misery.

So the father who had mistrusted Providence related that evening to the other father what he had seen.

AND THE REPLY FORTHCOMING WAS: "WHY SHOULD ANYONE BE UNEASY? NEVER DID GOD FORSAKE HIS OWN. HIS LOVE HAS SECRETS WHICH WE KNOW NOT OF. LET US HAVE FAITH HOPE AND LOVE, AND LET US PROCEED ON OUR WAY IN PEACE."

By "The Philosopher"

DEANNA WENT, TOO



Deanna Durbin, who has recently been cast in her first love interest role, arriving at the Motion Picture Academy Award Presentation in Hollywood, when the American film industry pats its best workers on the back.

Boys Fight Fires

WOLF CUB DOES HIS GOOD DEED

TWO ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOYS PROVED THEMSELVES HEROES IN TWO FIRES YESTERDAY. ONE OF THEM—FREDERICK WILSON, OF NEW BARN COTTAGES, BOVINGER, NEAR ONGAR, ESSEX—WAS RETURNING FROM A WOLF CUB MEETING WHEN HE SAW FLAMES AND SMOKE COMING FROM A COTTAGE ADJOINING HIS HOME.

He ran into the house, which had been left unoccupied for a few hours, and found the living-room blazing.

Unafraid of burning himself, he caught hold of several mats and an armchair which were burning and carried them into the garden. Then he managed, in spite of the thick smoke and flames, to beat out the rest of the fire.

The room was only smouldering when Epping Fire Brigade arrived.

SAVED FAMILY

William Daniels, aged eleven, of Rushmore-rd., Lower Clapton, E., saved his mother, Mrs. Alice Daniels, and his brothers Stanley, aged two and a half, and Arthur, aged seven, when fire broke out underneath the stairs at his home.

He tried to put out the flames with bowls of water, but a gas meter caught alight, and he realised he was unable to extinguish the fire.

William then picked up his brother Stanley, who was in the kitchen, and ran with him past the blazing cellar to the street.

He shouted to his mother, who was upstairs, and she was able to run out into the road.

Firemen were summoned and confined the damage to the one room.

BOY, 17, ACCUSED OF PARK ASSAULT

When Arthur Henry James Saunders, aged seventeen, of North-rd., Richmond, was charged at Brentford yesterday with assaulting Miss Phyllis Joan Wanford, he was remanded for a medical report.

A detective said that Saunders followed the girl in Riverside Park, Twickenham, and suddenly grasped her round the waist from behind, pinning her arms to her sides.

He ran off and was later stopped by police officers in a patrol car and taken into custody.

WHAT SAY YOU?

Twelve Ten-Second Teasers

- 1.—It's the name of a town in Westmorland; it gives its name to a kind of green cloth originally made there, and used by bowmen and yeomen. Name it.
- 2.—It's a form of cloak, apron, or pinafore; it's a term sometimes slightly applied to a child or infant. What is it?
- 3.—It's a person or thing existing at the same time, or of the same age, or belonging to the same period. What is it?
- 4.—It's an awkward woman; it's a shabby, badly, or vulgarly garbed woman. What is it?
- 5.—It's a term applied to the front of a building; it's the principal face of a building; it's a word of six letters. What is it?
- 6.—It's a small annual found in sandy spots; its flowers close in dark or rainy weather; it is sometimes known as "the shepherd's weather-glass." What is it?
- 7.—It's a barbed weapon; it's used as a missile; it's used for catching and killing whales. Name it.
- 8.—It's a kind of room; it's a form of fly; it's a variety of cheese; it's a type of crop. What is it?
- 9.—It's a footman; it's a menial attendant; it's a servile follower. What is it?
- 10.—It's the name of a town in Sicily; it's a kind of white wine somewhat like sherry. Name it.
- 11.—It's a surety; it's a person who undertakes to be responsible for another; it's a godparent. What is it?
- 12.—It's a circular, isolated tower of masonry; it's found on the coast; it was erected to oppose the landing of invaders. What is it?

(ANSWERS IN PAGE ELEVEN.)

The Secret of the TASTINESS of SKIPPERS

It's an old secret of the Norwegian fisher-folk that gives Skippers their extra-special niceness. Skippers are lightly cured before canning. That's one reason why they're so delicious, but of course it isn't the only one.

There's the fact that Skippers are the finest little fish of the whole season's catch, and there's the first-grade olive oil in which they are packed (or you can get them in the finest tomato purée). No wonder Skippers are so appetising and so nourishing! What about a tin for tea to-day?



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Nottingham - 10 The Arcade, 1
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There's nothing nicer than to step into fresh, cool undies every morning and to know that your daintiness will never be at doubt.

And with Lux it's easy for every girl to be fastidious in this way, because undies are safe in Lux however many times they're dipped. The grand thing about Lux is that it preserves the elasticity of silk. That means your undies hold their shape, keep their strength too. And colours stay fresh—no bits of undissolved soap stick in the silk with Lux.

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SOMEWHERE below me, in that tight-pressed, hysterical mob, is the man we have seen as mighty prince, autocratic ruler, Westernised despot. Crushed in that maelstrom of fanatical humanity, one of a million disease-ridden, poverty-stricken peasants, is his Highness, pilgrim.

I am an alien witness of this, the greatest Hindu festival in twelve years. There are no facilities for visitors to this supreme manifestation of mighty Hinduism's power, and few white men have seen this rare, 2,000-year-old event.

For to-night, at midnight, there begins a phase of the moon that brings eternal salvation to those who can contrive, in a sacred period of twenty-four hours, to bathe in a dark pool fed by the holy River Ganges. Har-ki-Pairi, they call the pool.

The place is Hardwar, in the foothills of the United Provinces, where the great river breaks out into the plains. The ceremony is the Kumbh Mela. And the sanctity of the place is assured by no more than the mythical impression of a horse's hoof—the steed of Vishnu, the great Hindu deity.

The footprint, at the bottom of the pool, has been invisible these last ten centuries and more, if it ever existed. My own steps must be circumspect, for the leather of my shoes would desecrate the environs of this, the holy of holies of Hinduism.

Even the British police, here to prevent the repetition of ghastly accidents of olden times, have already incurred the wrath of the high priests. For one of them walked in leather shoes over an iron footbridge over the pool itself to control the crowds; the Hindu holy men howled their protests.

BITTER PRIVATIONS

For this event men, women and children have been travelling for months, some for years. They have come from the eternal snows of the North, from the steaming jungles of the South.

They have faced starvation and disease, burning heat and bitter cold, and the plagues that rage through a pilgrim multitude like a prairie fire.

Now is the great moment. The three narrow streets leading to the pool seethe with excitement. Danger is here, for they are close to panic. The low thunder of their voices comes to me as I lean from the roof of a house and look down upon human beings driven by a bizarre faith.

The English police officer beside me, a thin and haggard figure in a stained khaki, follows my gaze with anxiety. On him there rests the responsibility for this multitude—and he himself is taboo.

Already there has been tragedy. I have just cabled to England: "Fifty-three persons were killed as the result of an accident at the Kumbh Mela. On the last occasion two hundred deaths occurred through suffocation..."

I could have recalled that a hundred odd years ago riots between the Hindu sects resulted in the massacre of fifteen thousand souls, and that, according to the Official Gazette, the pilgrim routes to the pool were white with the bones of those who had died from the cholera-infected wells.

ALL AND SUNDRY

But for to-day's ceremony his Highness has travelled by train and in comparative safety.

A week ago this man, who is at home in Piccadilly, who was educated at a public school and Oxford, was shaved by the priests and anointed for the peak of his religious observances.

He travelled forty-eight hours by train and submitted philosophically to that other contrasting preparation, the mela, inoculation and vaccination from the skilled hands of an Indian student, who passed swiftly down the train like any ticket collector, pressing needles into the arms of every man, woman and child.

That was Great Britain's contribution to the ceremonial of India's greatest religious festival.

It is Great Britain, too, that has made it possible for one million delirious pilgrims to pass through the narrow streets of a squalid village in twenty-four hours without the major disasters of the old days.

For a month English police officers have been camped here, with an army of medical officers to arrange for the reception of the multitude. To these pilgrims my touch is contaminating; to many of them my shadow passing over their food would be desecration; if I were to step in the dank waters of the sacred pool the Hindu religion would be affronted; if I were even to set foot on the steps lead-

By ROLAND WILD

(The Famous Author and Traveller)

ing down to the dark waters the great festival would be abandoned.

But it is through an Englishman's work that plague and riot and death from accident have been nearly eliminated. The streets run white with disinfectant, rival sects have been kept apart; and the mob below is prevented from serious accident by the stocks built across the street.

Only an hour ago, an accident. Four thousand fresh pilgrims raced from the trains, flung themselves into the tight-packed mob a mile up the street. The police dragged fifty-three bodies out of that mob. They are laid out for identification in a street behind us.

Now it is midnight, zero hour. I go down to the little square where the three roads meet at the top of the steps leading to the Pool of Har-ki-Pairi.

Khaki-clad police around me; Hindu police on the wide stone steps, and police to their waists in water in the pool itself, to help those tortured, ecstatic pilgrims who will fling themselves into the water exhausted from their privations, and perhaps be in danger of drowning.

SACRED PRECINCTS

The chief of police has rigged up wooden signals, and now one drops and the constables lift the first barrier guarding one of the streets, and stand menacingly in the square, shouting their orders that none shall struggle to be first down the steps.

We are almost overwhelmed by the rush of panicking men, peasants who have walked a thousand miles for this moment; rich merchants who have come first class by train; coolies who have begged their way from the snows of Kashmir; University students with degrees; women with children at their hips, old men and young, all with that light of exultation in their eyes.

At the side of the pool, a small heap of shoes grows into a mountain as they kick them off before treading on the sacred precincts. Hindu Boy Scouts shovel them away. They will be shovelling for twenty-four hours.

Somewhere in that mob that seethes and struggles a mile back in the streets of the three narrow, canyon-like streets, his Highness waits his turn.

Dressed now in white homespun, the single garment of his most humble subject. No title fits him now, none of the honours that the Western nations have showered on him. There is no rank or precedence here, and money can buy no privilege. The sadhus and priests of his State, lowly men with no worldly possessions, are his superiors to-night.

Standing there, facing the stark realism of India, I wonder what he is feeling. Is he thinking of the courts and camps of his own country, or of dinner parties and receptions in a dozen European capitals?

Two nights ago, he was discussing the latest plays of London, and giving me hints on squash rackets. The first thousand pilgrims are out of the pool. They have rushed down the steps and flung themselves into the black water with cries of delight, dipped their heads and scrambled out to safety.

Why this supreme sanctity that ensures them, after this swift immersion, the promise of salvation in their future life? The village of Hardwar is the centre

MEN WHO PRAY for POVERTY!

IN India's mystic land, where he has lived for many years, Roland Wild has been the guest of some of its greatest rulers. In this remarkable series he tells not of the White Man's India, but of that strange India of the Princes, where much that happens is almost incredible to the Western mind. In this second article Roland Wild gives a vivid pen impression of Holy India's greatest drama—the drama of a million pilgrims.

of temples and their attendant holy men, Fakirs, beggars, strange ascetics who have given up the world, live and die here in silent worship and contemplation.

Every year there is the festival of dipping in the waters. Every sixth year there is a festival of supreme importance.

But the twelfth year the pilgrim who can bathe and drink from the dank waters of the pool within the prescribed period becomes assured of Nirvana, and returns to his far-away village with the title of "Haji."

The pool itself, that the medical authorities dare not pollute with their disinfectant, is the perfect medium for infection.

ing all who use it with the myriad diseases of India.

We are rubbing shoulders with every dark horror in the medical dictionary. But the pilgrims do not care; they are about to gain the title of "Haji"—holy man who has acquired the certainty of future salvation.

Through the night and into the dawn, the unending struggle. Men pleading and men fighting. Women slipping down with their children clasped in their arms, so that constables must leap into the press and fight to free them.

Old men collapse through hunger and fatigue, and are lifted above the heads of that mob to safety.

Soon after dawn the heat brings another tribulation. The police haul up the fire-hoses and project over the heads of the crowd a cooling shower that soaks them to the skin.

Still they come, fifty thousand in an hour, nearly a thousand a minute. Prince and pauper, remote hillman and sophisticated townsman.

PRIVILEGED SECTS

By their shoes you know them; the mountain by the side of the pool is made up of the fancy, beaded shoe of Peshawar bazaar with the toe turned up to heaven; the rope sandal of the coolie of the snows; a patent leather pump from the foot of a rich merchant; a cheap, Western-like black and white shoe of a student.

The boy scouts still shovel them away. After the immersion in the pool, the pilgrim takes his choice. Wonderingly, many a peasant walks away wearing his prizes, a patent leather pump on one foot and a rope sandal on the other.

At noon my friend the policeman gives the signal dreaded by those who now stand first in line for the pool. All barriers are shut; it is time for the procession of the Akharas, the privileged sects in the higher ranks of Hindu religious society.

The pool is cleared. And already, across the wide river, there is a cloud of dust rising above the strangest and most sacrosanct of all gatherings in India.

The Balaigis are coming. Against orders, for they are "touchy" people. I had ridden through their stony camp. Ten thousand of them, recruited from all over the country, had settled in the bed of a dry river. It was a silent camp, a community without laughter or animation.

On every side naked men sat rigid in the desert, staring ahead of them. Their heads and shoulders were dust-covered, the fierce sun beating on their unprotected bodies.

EERIE FANATICISM

They were preparing themselves by self-denial and torture for the supreme pageant of the year.

For a Balaigri ascetic must possess no property on earth. Even a tattered umbrella to keep off the noon sun is the mark of a man who prefers comfort to his ideals.

The year long must be spent in meditation, a mental striving after a strange and empty state of bliss.

I stopped one of them with a wave of the hand to take his photograph. His hair fell to his shoulders, his face and breast were smeared with the grey dust of the desert. He was half starved and his deep-sunk eyes seemed desperate with pain.

He stopped for his picture, and I held out a small coin for him to take. He shook his head and answered in perfect English:

"Please throw it on the ground." I let it drop before him and he picked it up. The touch of my hand might have contaminated the holy man of the Balaigis, but the coin could be used for the glorification of his sect.

And now they came through the dust clouds, preceded by their State elephants bearing their idols. A fortune

fanaticism of their shouts of triumph. I wondered if the Maharajah still stood in that seething mass, still five hundred thousand strong, in the streets of the city. The police said they would get through before midnight, now that the holiest sects had performed their exclusive rites in good time.

The signals were working again, and still they came. For another ten hours they would be filling through those inadequate streets—unchanged through the centuries because every stone was holy, and not even the might of Britain could knock down a house to provide more safety.

I left the pool and made my way through the oazaar. The pilgrims, their ambition achieved, were spending their money at the sweetmeat stalls before beginning their return journey.

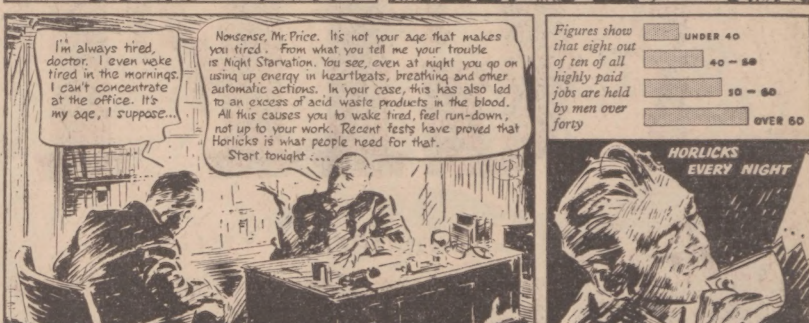
Spending their money too, on the beggars lining the streets. The halt, the blind and the dying cried pitifully for alms or demanded cheerfully that those who had succeeded in securing future salvation should pay a forfeit to the less fortunate.

Already packed trains were leaving Hardwar with the first of the million pilgrims who had passed through the ordeal of the pool. While new ranks of police took the place of the exhausted men battling with that crowd in the streets, the tide rolled on, flinging through three narrow streets in a day and a night.

Somewhere among them his Highness, now "Haji." Two days later, when I see him again, he is rested after his ordeal. And he is discussing not the wonder of Har-ki-Pairi, the pool that brings salvation, but the A.R.P. trenches in Hyde Park.

NEXT SUNDAY: A ROBIN HOOD OF THE DESERT

"But I'm nearly 40 darling—What can I do?"



HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

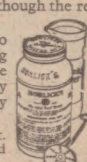
DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS USE HORLICKS IN HOSPITAL TESTS

RECENTLY tests were made in a great hospital on men and women who complained of always feeling tired.

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Start taking Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.



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Spring is just round the corner and with it new Spring fashions. But have you got that slender line which modern fashions demand—which Bile Beans can give you?

Bile Beans are the safe approved method of slimming. Being purely vegetable you can take them nightly with perfect safety.

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Hitler's Secret Savings

Hitler says little about money, but the fact is that royalties from his book "Mein Kampf" and investments in German real estate and industrial firms make him one of Germany's wealthiest men. This money is deposited throughout Europe in 15 bank accounts under three names.

SOME years ago I listened to Adolf Hitler score the greatest oratorical success of his life as he dramatically confessed to a deliriously cheering and helling crowd overflowing Berlin's Sportpalast:

"I have remained a man of the people, a modest and poor fellow.... I am, as a matter of fact, the only statesman in the world who has no bank account!"

And again, a few weeks later, he repeated part of that earlier speech, and said: "As a German comrade I am to-day exactly what I have always been—and I do not want to be any more!"

These statements were made long before his book "Mein Kampf" reached the enormous sale that it enjoys throughout the world to-day. In three years of research I have ascertained that the "modest and poor fellow" is, in fact, one of the wealthiest men in Germany, whose money is kept in 15 bank accounts both inside and outside the Reich. All of his fortune, one of Germany's largest, has been accumulated during his years as a politician. The bulk of it, however, has been garnered since, immediately after his assumption of power, he magnanimously relinquished the only legitimate salary of his life: the 48,000 marks the Reich pays its Chancellors annually. The bulk of his income comes from the royalties paid to him from "Mein Kampf" which is to-day the best selling book in the world.

Ways and Means

This book has its own story. During his first year in power there was still a regrettable lack of reader-interest in the Nazi Bible and Hitler was dissatisfied.

Max Amann, Hitler's personal fiscal agent since 1921 and business manager of the Nazi party since 1922, found ways and means to increase the book's sale. He suggested that the Fuehrer order it to be presented as a gift to every newly wed couple in Germany.

The copies are now bought for cash, by the German State, with taxpayers' money and even without the usual trade discount for bulk purchase.

Simultaneously he induced the Minister of Education to distribute the book free to children at the end of school terms; and to purchase a great number of copies for every school library.

In spite of its tremendous sale, the original price of 8.50 marks (12s. 6d.), a high price for Germany, was never reduced in that country. Herr Hitler's royalty on each copy is 2s. 10d. In 1934 his income from royalties on copies distributed among newly weds amounted to £100,640, and during 1937 it reached the fabulous sum of £140,000. Though figures for the total annual sale are lacking, his annual royalty can safely be estimated at £170,000.

Real Estate

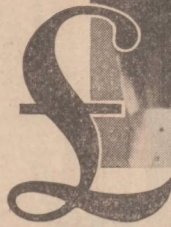
By 1936 there was so much cash on hand that Max Amann decided to manipulate Hitler's vast fortune, and to invest his Fuehrer's accumulated wealth in sound securities.

He purchased real estate in Munich, Berlin and Cologne, and the Franz Eher Verlag (the official publishing house of the Reich since the seizure of power) by "acquiring" other printing and publishing firms.

First he bought Bavaria's largest printing house, M. Mueller and Sons and several paper factories. Then he bought out the huge publishing house of Knorr and Hirth, and the Ullstein enterprises in Berlin.

He secured a controlling interest in Hasenstein and Vogler Germany's largest advertising agency. With the Ullstein concern, for which Amann paid a reputed five million marks of Hitler's money, he acquired several complete blocks of plants and tenement houses in almost every district of the German capital.

In Munich he owns the greater part of the Theresia Strasse, and has large plots in the exclusive Maximilian Strasse as well. In 1937 Amann in-



MAX AMANN

vested a considerable sum of Hitler's money in Field Marshal Goering's industrial enterprises, the Hermann Goering Works.

To-day any one banking house is considered inadequate to hold all the earnings of Herr Hitler. Therefore Amann has distributed his Fuehrer's savings among several banks.

The largest sum in Hitler's own name is at the Bayerische Gemeindefbank, Girozentrale, Munich, almost next door to the Brown House. There are large deposits with the Bayerische Gemeindefbank and Wechselbank; the Munich branch of the Deutsche Bank and Disconto Gesellschaft; and in both the Berlin and Munich offices of the Bank of German Workers, a former Socialist Party institution seized by Nazis.

Herr Amann does not feel quite satisfied with the safety and security of these German institutions. Therefore a substantial part of Hitler's fortune is placed in several foreign countries.

The largest sum was invested in Swiss francs and kept at the Swiss Bank Corporation in Switzerland, until 1937, when the franc was devalued. To avoid the possibility of a further loss, Herr Amann in-



By LADISLAS FARAGO

(Author of "Abyssinia on the Eve," and a well-known writer on international affairs)

structed the bank to transfer the money to the London branch of a foreign bank, on whose books it now appears as a pound sterling deposit in the name of a nominee.

According to the records kept in Amann's auditing office, there are other deposits as well, scattered in nine European countries under three different names. These accounts are as follows:

At Bern, Switzerland, at the Bundes Postcheckkamt, account number 111-7,205, in the name of Max Amann;

At Paris, France, at the Bureau Central des Cheques Postaux, rue des Favorite, account number 190,066, in the name of Amann;

At The Hague, Holland, at the Postcheque en Girodienst, Spekenleijn, account number 211,846, in the name of Amann;

At Brussels, Belgium, at the office des Cheques Postaux, account number 350,797, in the name of Amann;

At Prague, Czechoslovakia, at Postovni Sporitelna, account number 77,303, in the name of Franz Eher Verlag;

The "Untouchables"

At Warsaw, Poland, at Pocztowa Kasa Oszczednosci, Jasna, account number 194,121, in the name of Franz Eher Verlag;

At Budapest, Hungary, at the Magyar Kiralyi Postatakarok, Pentzart, account number 13,532, in the name of Philip Bouhler;

At Belgrade, Yugoslavia, at Cekodni Ured, account number 68,237, in the name of Philip Bouhler;

At Bucharest, Rumania, at Casa Nationala de Economie si Cereale, account number 24,968, in the name of Bouhler, who is the trusted chief of Hitler's Personal Office.

The strict German exchange regulations decree that no private individual or business enterprise may keep bank accounts outside Germany without the specific permission of the Reichsbank. Moreover, all payments made into such

accounts must be reported to the Reichsbank immediately in order that the sums abroad may be utilised in the complicated German "clearing system."

Hitler's accounts, however, are untouchable, and contain funds which are not registered with the Reichsbank. Arnold Bernstein, president of German-American Steamship company, was sentenced to 10 years' imprisonment last year for a similar "crime."

Shaky Axis

This clever scattering of funds in practically every European country has another, not so financial, significance.

Although the Nazis insist that their regime will last for at least a thousand years, Herr Amann wants to make sure that in case it should end before its first millennium and he and his Fuehrer be compelled to emigrate in a hurry, they would find money wherever they land.

This explains why it is necessary to keep funds in places like Budapest, Bucharest and Belgrade, where local currency regulations make it impossible to withdraw sums except for domestic use.

Looking at Herr Hitler's financial policy from this political angle, one discovers a rather interesting fact: Herr Hitler keeps no money in Italy, which fact, in itself, rules out the possibility of his ever fleeing to the protective hospitality of Signor Mussolini, junior partner in the Rome-Berlin Axis. It seems that Herr Amann, the omniscient business man, feels the Axis is less secure than his Fuehrer wants the world to believe...

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YOU CAN GET THERE, TOO

By the People's Friend

"Often," he said, "I was in despair. Once after being beaten in a tournament for which I had practised hard, I almost gave up. Instead I went home and spent hours perfecting the shots at which I had failed."

I suppose if you approached any artists, no matter what their sphere, you would find the same story behind their rise to fame. Pavlova danced for ten hours a day. Menuhin plays his violin eight hours a day. Paderewski spends part of each morning and afternoon at his piano.

Thus genius achieves its greatness and in that fact there is a lesson for each one of us who tread a humbler road. So many people are blind to the real truth. They put nothing into life yet expect everything out. But life's rewards and successes do not come that way. They are won by those who persevere and struggle even in the face of failure and misfortune.

AND THE SPIRIT TO DO SO IS BORN OF TRUST IN GOD. FOR THOSE WHO LOVE HIM KNOW FULL WELL THAT WHILE HIS DISCIPLES STRIVE ON THEIR EFFORTS WILL BE BLESSED.

Brown and so adorable. I wanted to call him "Major" after a day I had seen quite small. But Andrew, loving his "Browning", held out for "Flash". I finally gave in and he received me with a box of my favourite chocolates—Black Magic. They really have the most delicious centres you could ever.

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SUNK SIGHT

By
E. KEBLE CHATTERTON
(The Famous Naval Historian)

THE Aegean Sea, with its islands and narrow channels, was a notorious death trap during the war when Germany sent from the North Sea certain of her best submarines and ablest U-boat commanders to waylay Allied troopships. Lurking behind some rock, keeping a look-out for smoke on the horizon, it was easy enough for the enemy to dash forth and send his deadly torpedoes at an impotent steamer; for there is no more helpless vessel than one full of soldiers, especially if the latter happen to have little acquaintance with sea-faring.

One Saturday afternoon in April, 1917, the transport Arcadian, a fine big vessel of the Royal Mail Line, left Salonika bound for Alexandria full of Army units and Naval ratings.

She was fortunate to have an exceptionally able and experienced commander in Captain Charles Willats. Already three times had the Germans sunk the ship under him, but on each occasion he stood on the bridge till the last, adjusted his life-saver, and floated off.

Instead of choosing the direct Aegean route, Captain Willats justifiably began proceeding that day by various channels, for submarines were reported operating in the more obvious lanes. All went well until after tea-time on Sunday. The weather was clear and fine, with a moderate to rough sea, the escorting ship—H.M.S. Sentinel—being about one mile ahead, zigzagging. Arcadian likewise was zigzagging. The Sentinel, too, was well placed,

since submarines normally preferred to attack from ahead-position. "About 4 p.m., Captain Willats has informed me, "we were approaching the Polykandro Channel, which leads out of the Aegean, and all look-outs were warned to keep extra sharp vigilance. Various islands were in sight at either hand. I decided I would sound 'Emergency Stations' drill at 5 p.m., after which the men would have had their tea, thus giving them about an hour for the church service and singing. My Staff Captain was with me on the bridge—a post that we never left when at sea—and I gave him the necessary instructions. At 5 p.m. the bugle sounded, and all hands proceeded to their various posts or boats; seamen to their allotted stations at tackles, lashings, and so on.

All Precautions

"The O.C. Troops (Colonel Puckle) joined me on the bridge, and about 5.20 p.m. the Staff Captain reported everything correct, men at their stations, every one wearing lifebelts (as they did, night and day in accordance with strict Admiralty Regulations).

"From my position on the bridge I could personally see the men along the upper decks actually standing on their rafts or in their boats, but it was a familiar scene. Steaming in the midst of beautiful scenery, I was just thinking how wicked it was that the sea should hide so much evil. I had barely given order to sound the 'Dismiss, the bugle note had not quite died out, when



Lifeboat drill on a modern troopship.

a terrific explosion happened somewhere under the bridge."

Now second-in-command of the troops was Major V. M. B. Scully, who had joined the ship at Marseilles. Coming straight out of hospital after an attack of fever, he had been given a special suite just below the bridge, starboard side. In those days, he told me, "one thought little of daily scares, and in due course this Sunday I went to have tea. Four of us officers used to play cards in my suite, but that to-day, being stuffy, for the first time we decided to play on deck in the smoking room, situated aft of the funnels.

"We were just going to sit down and out, when someone said, 'Let us open the portholes.' Almost immediately there was a loud, tearing, shrieking noise; the ship gave an upward heave, then fell back—as it were with a huge sigh—and down crashed the great glass dome of the smoking room roof.

Boats Out of Action

"No mistaking what had happened! The ship had got a torpedo—right under my suite! I walked quickly out on deck, and stood for a moment. Almost at once she took a distinct list to port, and the engines had stopped. I made for my station, being in charge of the after part of the ship, which now listed so much that the starboard boats were out of action.

"With troops making for their boats, and those coming over from the starboard side, it was impossible to get along. I climbed the rigging, got hold of a subaltern, and sent him to the bridge for orders.

"The signal for abandoning ship had been previously arranged. This was to be three blasts on the siren, and it was made; but, with the steam blowing off, no one heard the warning."

Captain Willats immediately after the explosion had rung down "Stop engines," and the order was obeyed promptly. The high pressure of steam then lifted the safety valves and roared so furiously up the two funnels that verbal commands became impossible.

Within four and a half minutes the Arcadian was about to make her final plunge, and as her stern-circle could be seen, she lowered boats and dropped life-saving gear among the wreckage. The light was fading quickly. She stopped... gave two hoots... and rushed off again. A couple of torpedoes had been aimed at her, and she was hunting the U-boat. After that it was dark."

In Fading Light

"I looked up," related Major (now Lieut.-Colonel) Scully, and above me was one of the lifeboats entangled in the port screw. Swimming for all 'I was worth I made away from the sinking ship, but soon got winded, stopped, and glanced round again.

"The distant smoke of Sentinel, cruising about in a big semi-circle could be seen, as she lowered boats and dropped life-saving gear among the wreckage. The light was fading quickly. She stopped... gave two hoots... and rushed off again. A couple of torpedoes had been aimed at her, and she was hunting the U-boat. After that it was dark."

Captain Willats went down with his ship and remembered little more until—thanks to his lifebelt—he floated up miraculously without striking his head. "When I came to the surface there was no Arcadian but hundreds of men in the water and many of them injured. Men struggled helplessly among the wreckage. Major Scully remembers saddest feature.

Groping about, Sentinel's lifeboats picked up all they could find, including Major Scully. The French answered the wireless call by sending from their base at Milo, twenty-six miles away, some minesweepers.

When the survivors landed on an island, the Greek Venizelist inhabitants at first took these British for Germans and wished to kill them out of hand. Not for some time were the natives

From the personal experiences of survivors, E. Keble Chatterton paints this week a vivid picture of the last moments on a torpedoed troopship during the Great War. It is a narrative of coolness and courage which, though almost commonplace at the time, reveals a side of the Royal Navy's wartime activities about which little has so far been told.

SAILOR with a CHARMED LIFE

pacified, and then, with that cheery optimism for which "Tommy" has always been famous, the sea-stained adventurers set to work making the best of a bad job.

Captain Willats, who woke up to find himself aboard the French depot-ship Foule at Milo, cannot forget the sight of men being killed in the water by heavy wreckage shooting up to the surface from the disintegrating Arcadian, while others, after having been sucked down, were ejected again only to strike their heads fatally against some spar.

After the French minesweepers brought the dishevelled party to Milo and transferred them aboard Sentinel, the latter put to sea. On came a heavy gale, which by no means diminished the soldiers' discomforts.

Landing at Suda Bay, on the Island of Crete, they lived for ten days in a captured German ship, which also under her new flag had been torpedoed. Eventually they reached Alexandria in a mule steamer without further incident.

The Arcadian had been sunk within the French patrol zone, and of the 1,000 soldiers there were lost 242, besides 34 of the crew.

Eluded the Escort

On the same day a similar disaster occurred to the 10,963-ton Cameronia. This troopship was carrying 2,630 troops bound from Marseilles for Egypt. Although she had as escort two destroyers, a submarine sank her by torpedo, and 129 soldiers, besides 11 of the crew, perished.

Yet luck plays the most extraordinary tricks. On February 11, 1918, the 1,030-ton S.S. Cullist was steaming on a southerly course about 30 miles S.W. from the Isle of Man. Externally she resembled an ordinary cargo carrier, though internally she was one of those armed "Q-ships" sent to lure the wily U-boats.

Her "skipper," Commander S. Simpson, D.S.O., R.N., and the naval crew, were suitably dressed for the part. They had fought a submarine the previous July in the Bay of Biscay, and had been beautifully shelled him at 3,000 yards, seen him submerge at a steep angle, leaving behind a large expanse of oil.

To make doubly sure, Cullist had then dropped two depth charges over the spot, lowered buckets and taken samples of the ooze on and also noticed the corpse of a man in blue dungarees floating face upmost.

Pretty conclusive evidence that the enemy was sunk! But the Admiralty was by no means persuaded.

So Cullist the following spring, was hoping for better fortune in the Irish Sea, where submarines were doing their damnedest. That afternoon the weather was overcast, with a moderate visibility and slight sea. Commander Simpson gave me the following account:

"Just after the hands had turned-to for dinner, I was talking to the First Lieutenant about 1.20 p.m. on deck when he remarked 'What's that?', pointing to a streak of air bubbles in the sea 300 yards off.

intentions were not to be realised.

"As I was running along the boat deck, and yelling to the officer of the watch, the torpedo exploded in the engine room immediately below me, with the result that I must have turned a few somersaults in the air while Cullist went on without me. On regaining consciousness I found myself being washed overboard. In the course of my flight through space I must have cleared water tanks, railings and toppling-lifts of the main derricks.

"Gradually becoming aware of the situation, I dragged myself inboard, suffering no little pain from a damaged shoulder, and made my way to the bridge. I could hear the engines still revolving, the ship was listing heavily to starboard, her stern already settling under water. Of the two boats which we carried, the starboard one had been wrecked, and that on the port side was leaning against the funnel, whence it was impossible to launch her into the sea.

"Since Cullist could not float much longer, the order was given to 'Abandon ship! Every man for himself!'

"The raft on No. 2 hold had been blown overboard by the explosion, and while I was assisting with the forward raft on No. 2 hold, a sea came over, taking me down with the ship. As I sank everything became darker and darker. I was gasping for air, drinking quantities of sea water, but suddenly remembered that when in Colombo during 1904 a nigger, while telling me my fortune, had predicted I should be in a 'Great War' (his very words) at age thirty (i.e., 1914), wounded twice (this had just occurred), but should 'come out of it alive.' My last thoughts before losing consciousness again were: 'What a liar that Colombo fellow was! My end has come quicker after all!'

"On recovering my senses, I found myself on the sea's surface with water pouring from my mouth, so that for a few minutes I could not speak. Then I heard behind me the voice of the officer of the watch saying: 'Look out, sir, submarine behind you!'

Wash of Propellers

"I looked round quickly, saw the U-boat approaching the wreck; amid which I was floating with several other survivors, and the German approached so close that when he went astern with his engines I was sucked under in the wash of his propellers.

"Just as I regained the surface, I heard the submarine's commanding officer inquire: 'Ver is der Kapitän?' But our officer of the watch saved me by replying: 'The Captain has been killed.' The German next examined us through his glasses, shook his fist at us, and called us 'The damned English swine.'

"Two of Cullist's people were hauled aboard the U-boat, cross-examined, and taken prisoners. She was a large craft with two guns, and the after one had been trained on to a raft distant a few yards with two or three survivors. Then orders were given not to fire, the enemy dived, and disappeared just after the Cullist, some 400 yards off, ended her death agony with a loud bursting of her boilers."

Adrift and lonely in the Irish Sea, with only a few hours of daylight ahead, the chilled British mariners were huddled together on rafts and floats, with barely room to move. Luckily they so recently completed a meal! But that deadly enemy, thirst at sea?

The sun went down. Disappointment set in; some of the weaker brethren became faint-hearted, thirsty, and longed to drink sea-water.

Prayer was offered for an early rescue. Such hymns as "Abide with me," "Jesu, Lover of my soul," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," rose from the grey sea. Men shivered with the damp cold, hunger became universal. The last minutes of twilight were ticking off. No one expected to be alive by dawn.

Dramatic Rescue

Then came another miracle of the great sea; a coincidence that could find no place in fiction.

Visibility had now been limited to 200 yards, the hoarse voices were in the middle of the hymn, "Sun, my soul," when someone broke off dramatically: "Ship in sight!"

"That's a trawler!"

So, as recognition signal, they started singing "It's a long way to Tipperary," and kept on singing, waving a paddle at the same time.

The trawler made straight for them at full speed—too straight, and far too fast.

"Look ahead, there!"

She had never heard their chanting, heeded not their shouts, but in the weak half-light assumed the paddle to be a periscope and the blurred mass below to be a conning-tower.

"Ram her! Sink the German!" Only at the last minute did the trawler discover the truth, after course quickly, and came alongside. She took the survivors aboard, dried their clothes, gave them hot food, and at midnight landed them safely in Kings-town.

But it has never been decided which was the more surprised: Cullist's party or the crew of the trawler James Green.

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full-cream goodness and smoothness of Nestlé's Milk that wins the instant appreciation of everyone who tastes real egg custard made in this way. It is rare that anything so delicious to taste, so nourishing to eat, can be made so simply—without a chance of failure—by you in your own kitchen. Whenever you need sauce for a pudding, or custard to eat with fruit, follow the simple recipe given below.

How to make it

Mix three table-spoonsful of Nestlé's Milk with sufficient water to make half a pint. Add one well beaten egg and vanilla or lemon flavouring to taste. Strain the mixture into a jug, place jug into water kept at the boil and stir custard until it thickens.

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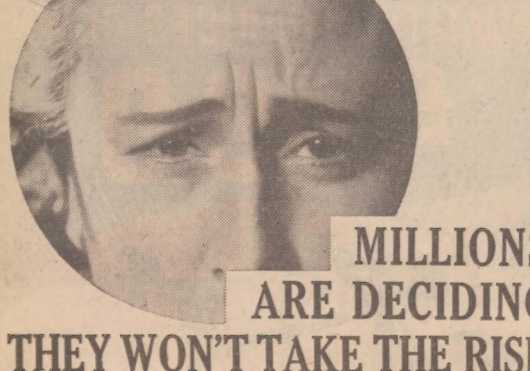
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Fashion Lowers the Veil

By BETTY BLUE

WE thought fashion had tried out everything there was to do with veils. We've had eye veils, lampshade frills, back bows, and chin ticklers.

They've all been charming in their way, but the newest and latest idea comes from the East. A fine chiffon scarf or handkerchief is attached to the side of the hat, and it is allowed to float across the chin and mouth, like an Egyptian high lady's.

It is a very pretty idea, really. That floating scarf from a tiny hat which can be wound softly round the throat if the chin idea is a little bit exotic for you.

Those chiffon squares can be bought for a shilling and even less in some stores, and it is surprising what a soft touch of colour one can give to a suit or high-necked dress. Parma violet and old gold are the two most popular shades at the moment.

Several readers have written me recently for advice about belts, as they seem to be important these days. If you have a long back, then the new three to four inch, suede ones are quite becoming. If worn closely belted in and fairly high on the waist.

WASP WAISTS

The smaller the waist the more fanciful you can be in beltings is a good general rule. For reducing purposes a belt of the same material as the dress is always the most flattering.

I noticed on some very expensive tuxedo tailor-mades the skirt had an inch and a half belt stitched on to the top and fastened by one button.

It looked extremely good to me, as it gripped the blouse in place and seemed to give a longer line to the skirt. Why not try it the next time you are having a skirt made?

By the way, don't forget your umbrella and mackintosh for Easter, and don't wear too tight stockings. Dark toned ones are just as fashionable.

"THE PEOPLE" PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

No. 503—PETTICOAT FROCK

THE new petticoat frock is a fashion making for young people. The design is simple, but full skirt, short sleeves and high neck.

The pattern of the waist-length petticoat is included, and this can be made in plain fabric, or soft silk, edged lace. If preferred, you can slip-stitch some fluting or lace to the hem of your skirt to get a petticoat effect.

Size 36-in. bust takes 3 1/2 yds. 38-in. bust takes 4 yds. 40-in. bust takes 4 1/2 yds. 42-in. bust takes 5 yds. 44-in. bust takes 5 1/2 yds. 46-in. bust takes 6 yds. 48-in. bust takes 6 1/2 yds. 50-in. bust takes 7 yds. 52-in. bust takes 7 1/2 yds. 54-in. bust takes 8 yds. 56-in. bust takes 8 1/2 yds. 58-in. bust takes 9 yds. 60-in. bust takes 9 1/2 yds. 62-in. bust takes 10 yds. 64-in. bust takes 10 1/2 yds. 66-in. bust takes 11 yds. 68-in. bust takes 11 1/2 yds. 70-in. bust takes 12 yds. 72-in. bust takes 12 1/2 yds. 74-in. bust takes 13 yds. 76-in. bust takes 13 1/2 yds. 78-in. bust takes 14 yds. 80-in. bust takes 14 1/2 yds. 82-in. bust takes 15 yds. 84-in. bust takes 15 1/2 yds. 86-in. bust takes 16 yds. 88-in. bust takes 16 1/2 yds. 90-in. bust takes 17 yds. 92-in. bust takes 17 1/2 yds. 94-in. bust takes 18 yds. 96-in. bust takes 18 1/2 yds. 98-in. bust takes 19 yds. 100-in. bust takes 19 1/2 yds. 102-in. bust takes 20 yds. 104-in. bust takes 20 1/2 yds. 106-in. bust takes 21 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WIDOW'S STRUGGLE WITH STAIRS

Had to Pull Herself up and Slide Down

SEVEN YEARS OF RHEUMATISM

THIS woman—a widow—has a message of hope for every sufferer from rheumatism. She bore the pain of it for seven years—yet she is quite all right again now.

She writes: I am a widow, aged 55, and for seven years have suffered terribly with muscular rheumatism and rheumatic gout. Two years ago I could not bend my knees to walk downstairs. I had to slide down and then pull myself up again by the rail. I had to have a stick to help me along. Then early in April last year I was advised to try Kruschen Salts. I got one bottle, and by the time that was gone, I began to feel brighter, and better. I have gone on ever since, and am now able to walk with comfort.

(Mrs.) F. T. The pain and stiffness of rheumatism are caused by deposits of needle-pointed uric acid crystals in the muscles and joints. Medical tests show that Kruschen is five times more effective than other salts in pulling out of the system the painful uric acid crystals which have formed in your blood. When poisonous uric acid goes—with its deposits of needle-pointed crystals—there's no doubt about those aches and pains going too! Kruschen is sold at all Chemists at 1/6, 1/- and 6d.—Adv.

FEET FEEL PINCHED?

BLAME STALE FOOT ACID!

WHEN feet ache and throb with pain—feel throttled and pinched inside your shoes—blame stale Foot Acid in the skin pores. Your feet have more of these pores than any other part of your body. 3,000 to every square inch of skin! When these get clogged up, the waste acid piles up in the muscles. Then o-o-oh! your feet throb and ache! Corns and calluses form. You're not to wait till the acid is so bad that it makes a daily foot-dip in warm water with a handful of Radox added. Radox liberates 5 times as much oxygen as other bath salts. This life-giving oxygen supercharges your skin, gets rid of clogged pores, lets crippling acid get away. Swellings go down. Throb, throbbing, acid feet are quickly eased and comforted.

Radox is 1/6 per 10 oz. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Cubes, 3 for 1/6d. At all chemists.

10 oz. Pink Packet 1/6

THE ACID IN YOUR STOMACH

WOULD BURN A HOLE IN A CARPET

To get relief you must take (from actual tests) the burning fire out of excess stomach acid. In recent tests, this kind of acid burned a hole right through a carpet. These tests also proved that RENNIES Tablets can make this burning excess acid as mild as milk. RENNIES can do this because they reach your stomach full-strength. They are as strong as water. They flow down in natural saliva. At once, the 15 scientific blends of ingredients start to work. Some neutralize your excess acid. Pancreatin helps to digest food. Bismuth and Kaolin protect delicate stomach lining.

With excess acid made as mild as milk, pain stops. You can eat and enjoy. Simply take 2 or 3 RENNIES after meals. Separately wrapped, you carry them loose in pocket or handbag—no fussing with glass of water. Every chemist sells RENNIES. Brand Tablets. Largest trial size, only 6d. Four times the quantity 1/6.

DIGESTIF

MAKE EXCESS STOMACH ACID MILD AS MILK

GETS TWICE AS MANY EGGS

My egg output began to rise when I started using Karwood Poultry Spice. I was a poultry-keeper for many years. I was at the View Station Town, Wigan, Co. Durham. From 1913 to 1914 I was getting 5 and 6 eggs a day, from now I am getting 10 to 12 eggs a day—thanks to Karwood Poultry Spice. Increase in Mr. Hays' egg yield is typical of the results of poultry-keepers have obtained by using Karwood Poultry Spice. You, too, can get extra eggs—and you can have this as our expense.

TRY IT FREE We have distributed to Poultry and Game Dealers special GIANT 700, or 1/3d. package to-day—test you! (care!)

for Hoarseness

Ingredients of Vick Brand Vapour Rub in the form of a pleasant sweet.

Vick Brand Lozenges

TASTE GOOD—DO GOOD

BARGAINS—EASTER

WISBROS 203

DEPT. 226

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"Man o' the People" writes on "THINGS THAT MATTER TO YOU AND ME"



THE pigeons were crowded off the pavement on the day President Lebrun came to Town. I was one of the immense throng in Trafalgar-sq. and the little grey aldermen had no room to strut among us there. So they flew aloft, whirling in spinning eddies of wings or perching on the monument at Nelson's feet while the procession of the Entente swung past.

High above us all, gazing out over London and the panoply of reds and whites and blues, stood the great Admiral who broke the threat of world dictatorship more than a century ago.

History's wheel has turned full cycle since Trafalgar. To-day, under different flags but the same colours, Britain and France, their old foes long forgotten, stand strongly together against the menace of another despotism.

It is the destiny of all would-be Napoleons to unite the forces of freedom against themselves.

LONDON gave an impressive welcome to President and Madame Lebrun. Paris was no less eager to do honour to the King and Queen, but in the interval between the two official visits, there have been grave developments in Europe.

And so there was something deeper and stronger than cordiality in last week's public reaffirmation of the Entente Cordiale. We cheered the President for his own sake, but in him, we also saluted a comrade country and a proven friend.

AFTER Prague, Memel, and the question spoken or unspoken, that most of us have been asking ourselves all through the week.

"Man o' the People," who has hitherto refused to believe that any country would take the suicidal plunge into world war still rejects the view that war is imminent or even likely.

But if it should come, in spite of every effort to restrain him, one man should force reluctant millions over the precipice; the tyrant's power will again be broken, and the dream of world dominion again proved vain.

Plunder And

Blunder, Too

THE occupation of Memel by the Nazis makes little material difference to the international situation. It adds another handful of Germans—fewer than 150,000—to the eighty millions already within the Reich, and restores, rather than redraws, the old map of that part of Europe.

Memelland, in fact, unlike Czechoslovakia, used to be German territory. Sooner or later Germany would almost certainly have regained it by peaceful diplomacy.

But Hitler would not wait for that. He seems to think that nothing succeeds like excess. And so he took Memel, just as he took Prague, by the direct threat of overwhelming force.

PLUNDER and blunder go together. The methods of the gangster may get quick results, but every fresh piece of looting breeds a fresh resistance. It seldom pays to take by force what can be obtained without it.

Germany has not learned that lesson yet, but she will do so ultimately. She has talked loudly of her own rights and furiously resented her "encirclement."

Actually her neighbours would have been friendly enough if she had allowed them to be. Any watchful "encirclement" that may now develop is of Germany's own making.

Within her own frontiers, Germany must already be aware of violent though stifled antagonisms. Beyond them, the peace-loving and law-abiding peoples are banding together not so much in enmity as in self-protection.

BRITAIN and France are the pions of natural and obvious champions of freedom and democracy in the West. The smaller countries look to us for leadership and even protection.

But, in the East, all eyes are turned to Russia—immense, mysterious, and as some think, unpredictable. To-day Russia is ready to make common defensive cause with Britain and France against a common menace.

This is no time to nibble over differences of political outlook. We de-

live in democracy and the Soviets prefer communism. It doesn't matter provided both of us accept the right of each and every country to mind its own business and live its own life.

Britain, France and Russia have but to unite in this faith to rally all the smaller countries of Europe to their side and so to re-establish a "peace front" which none will dare to challenge.

Time To Put Our

Cards On The Table

CIRCUMSTANCES have compelled this country to revert to the policy of "collective security"—Lord Halifax used the very words in his speech in the Upper House—and there can be no such thing without definite individual responsibility.

The League of Nations became an ineffective instrument because its members all wanted security for themselves but were not ready to fight for the security of others.

Very well, then; if we are now determined to maintain world peace by "collective security," we must not be afraid of "commitments" in Europe. On the contrary we should accept them openly and implicitly.

"We are resolved by all means in our power," says Mr. Chamberlain, "to oppose the subjection of independent states by the threat of force."

Russia and France are firm in the same resolve, and a declaration by all three countries is needed at once to tell the world exactly what they are prepared to do and when.

THE news of the far-reaching trade pact which has just been concluded between Germany and Rumania cannot have surprised any student of European affairs.

Rumania had little choice. There was no time in the rumoured "ultimatum" from Germany and, in fact, the Germans have not obtained the exclusive rights which they had hoped for.

But, of course, this pact does give Germany great economic ascendancy in Rumania, and that strengthens the argument for a plain statement at once of British, French and Russian intentions.

Nothing less than this will satisfy Poland, a country which now lies between German pincers. Poland simply cannot be expected to declare herself on our side unless she has formal and precise guarantees.

THERE is, I know, a strong difference of opinion upon this subject. People are asking, for instance, which country would have to take the first step to defend Poland if she were subjected to intolerable pressure.

All our old friend maintains here is that Britain, France and Russia

house will be happier for everybody." But Father duzzent agree.

He says spring-cleaning is all a dead-laid plot on the part of wimin to make there pore suffering innocent men-folk uncomfortable. He says wimin aren't really keen to get the house nice. It's just the fuss and bother and confusion that they adore, he says. They don't mind the dust so much (he says); it's the general dust-up they enjoy!

Of course, their are lots of things that he cud-do, but he prefers to hang about the house and look miserable. And when Ma nakes him quite nicely why he duzzent so and have a same of dirts with Horrie's Andy has got the spring-cleaning fever, too. Their's no peccer anywhere, he says.

Of course, I don't object to spring-cleaning myself. I mean, if everything's upside down like more exciting. I don't mind helping to beat carpets. It helps you to practise smash-shots for the coming tennis-season. But Father duzzent want excitement. He wants a quiet life. He says if he stands on a rug somebody nobs it from under him, and if he moves out into the passage somebody starts scrubbing between his feet, and if he tries to dash upstairs out of the way he trips over a bucket of soapy water and falls down again.

But the trouble will be over at last, and when Father recovers he'll think ours is the poorest house in the street. And anyway, he's got a sauce of grim satisfaction in his grate spring dubble this week. I mean, both his Lincoln pores and his national horse came in last. He says it takes a resurrection man to keep on bringing out dubbles like that!

TO-DAY'S PROVERB

Learning's good, but wisdom rises

Far beyond the scholar's reach.

And true character speaks volumes

That mere knowledge cannot teach.

WISDOM WEEK BY WEEK

If we realised that every day was a page written in the book of life we might all try to improve our handwriting.

LITTLE ALFIE ON

"SPRING GETS FATHER DOWN"

I don't want you to think ours is a quarelsome family. As a rule we get on pretty well together, and even Father's bad temper is usually quite a good-tempered one! But at spring-cleaning time there is an atmosphere of strain.

Ma and our Florrie look 4-ward to spring cleaning with grate joy, but Father duzzent get much joy out of it. The trooth is he lets it get him down. He worries about the prospects for weeks beforehand, and the spring-cleaning time itself is misery, and then wonders what's he got to grumble at afterwards.

Praps things wud be easier if Ma and Florrie wud argue with him about it, but they don't. They just pursue there ways with rootless efficiency, and this duzzent leave Father a leg to stand on. What's more (Father says) it duzzent leave him a shiver to sit on, either.

Sum people mite think Father a bit unreasonable. Ma and Florrie say: "We don't like the upset of spring-cleaning, but we mite as well get it over and then the

should make up their minds about this one way or the other.

There seems no likelihood that Germany is even contemplating a Polish adventure at present. Hitler has just said at Memel that he has "substantially" reached the end of "redressing grievances."

Europe cannot, unfortunately, rely upon such a statement, but in any case a pause is to be expected, for Germany needs time to digest her latest meal.

During that pause, all countries which now believe in "collective security" must decide what they mean by it and how far they are ready to back it.

"Things Are Still

A Little Disturbed"

FOR some years now we have had to live in an atmosphere of recurrent crises. No sooner has one been resolved than another has begun to form. Many of these "crises" were not serious, and some of them were entirely manufactured.

The fact remains that they "got on our nerves," and there is something instructive, as well as amusing, in the plea put forward the other day by a divorce petitioner that he became so "emotionally affected" last September that he now had to ask the judge to make allowances for a sort of crisis lapse.

Mr. Justice Charles was hearing this case at Lewes Assizes and he decided to exercise his discretion in the husband's favor, but his half-sardonic and half-quizzical comment was delightfully appropriate to the occasion.

"Please remember that things are still a little disturbed internationally," he murmured, "and let me ask you not to become emotionally affected with some other lady."

"Man o' the People" cannot hope to improve upon the lovely suavity of this piece of judicial advice, but he can translate it into more familiar terms: "Don't let any crisis 'get you down'!"

THE French, who see our faults and are also to recognise our qualities and the one they most admire is our

traditional "sang froid"—the Briton's natural ability, that is, to keep cool even in a hot spot.

We need sang froid badly in these times, for Memel is certain not to be the last of the shocks to European confidence. There is likely to be a series of them and still we should not allow ourselves to be "emotionally affected."

As individuals, we owe a personal duty to the country. When that is done, our motto should be "business as usual," at least in the sense of getting on with the ordinary job of living with ordinary confidence and good humour.

Our motto, please note; not the Government's Parliamentary business is usually much too slow to be carried on "as usual" now. They will need to work overtime at Westminster.

THINGS are being speeded up in many ways, and perhaps faster than we realise. Soon, no doubt, we shall get something to show for our money.

The Civil Defence Bill, which provides for an A.R.P. expenditure of twenty-five millions, is just the sort of tonic that was needed.

Under this Bill wide powers are to be given to local authorities to buy land and build shelters and car parks under the plea put forward the other day by a divorce petitioner that he became so "emotionally affected" last September that he now had to ask the judge to make allowances for a sort of crisis lapse.

And, in a dozen other ways, a lead is supplied and authority given for special precautionary measures even though they may interfere with the sacred rights of property.

That kind of lead was urgently needed. Let me assure you, however, that, in many ways that cannot be advertised, our air defences and, indeed, all our defences, have been vastly strengthened since last September.

In the last analysis, the continued peace of the world depends chiefly upon Britain's strength, her resolute determination and her people's calm and unaggressive courage.

A Man o' the People.

By The Lounger

SPRING GARDEN SONG

In a world that's not very cheerful the brightest sight is a spring garden. Even if it's not full of flowers it's full of courage and hope. It's looking forward to the sun shine, but it doesn't pack up and die, just because the sun doesn't always shine.

We used sing a simple song— "I have been 'Smiling Through.'"

And that is what it's all about. Have got the pluck to do. Although the chilly winds of March Are blustering and strong; The early flowers are not dismayed; They always come along.

CHORUS: They may look sweet and gentle, but they're sturdy, strong and agile. In the spirit of encouragement they sing: Though the world's as uninviting now as anything can make it, as anything can make it, as anything can make it, as anything can make it.

Spring flowers are full of bravery, and naught on earth can shake it; They seem to smile when things look grim, and murmur, "We can take it!" That's the message of the garden in the spring.

If we were lying somewhere snug, We'd wonder, as we lay there, If it wouldn't be less bother Just to shut our eyes and stay there! But the spring flowers stand up bravely. Dodging darts they not their tuckers; If the sun shines they'll enjoy it; If it doesn't they'll watch it!

CHORUS: They look delicate and fragile, but they're sturdy, strong and agile. In the spirit of encouragement they sing: When the cold blast does its damndest and misfortune most acute is, Still the spring's brave resurrection fills the world with all its beauties; Naught can conquer flowers (or people) who will face up to their duties! That's the message of the garden in the spring.

SPRING CLEANING!

Hard-Worked

Tired Feet

Are Wonderfully Eased By

Zam-Buk

Brand.

SPRING cleaning means a lot of extra work for a woman's already hard-worked feet—standing for hours when washing or cleaning—up and down stairs many times a day, and so on.

You can make sure of sound, healthy feet which will not tire, ache or give you a moment's trouble if you follow this easy nightly treatment. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin.

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly allayed. Corns and hard skin are softened and easily removed; joints, ankles, toes, and feet are made easy, and you can walk and work in real comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night for sound, healthy feet.

1/3 or 3/4 a tin of all chemists & stores.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

Housework made my feet painful and tender. Rubbing in Zam-Buk each night and morning wonderfully soothed and strengthened my feet and enabled me to get about again in perfect ease and comfort. Mrs. L. C. Colchester.

I could not get about with the ease I do now if not for Zam-Buk. It has relieved my feet and made them so strong that I can do any work without a regular rub-over with Zam-Buk. Mrs. M. H. Reading.

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At sea democracies are equally powerful. Britain, U.S.A. and France have total naval tonnage of 4,340,692 tons; Germany, Italy and Japan have 2,066,726. Merchant fleets of the three democracies total 34,385,769 tons. German, Italian and Japanese ships are about 12½ million tons.

Native boys in Africa have taken to soccer with great enthusiasm, but always prefer to play in bare feet, even when matched against teams from visiting British ships.

Next Saturday's Boat Race will have cost each of the Universities about £100 for every minute of its progress?

The member of each crew in the Boat Race is allowed no trophy beyond the oar which he has used?

New boats are used in each race, specially built according to the size and weights of the various members of the crews?

No man in history has been so much photographed as Hitler, obviously due to the fact that he always has at call his own official photographer?

Lithuania was originally known as Samogitia, a word meaning lowlands, and many of the inhabitants rear geese and keep bees?

A crwth, now obsolete was the first European musical instrument to be played with a bow, and had six strings?

Scholars in Russian schools total more than 30 millions?

SMILE THAT LIGHTS THE WORLD

THE Lord is the White Star of my night, the Lord is the Sunlight of my day, the Lord is the Landscape of my life, the Lord is my soul's Great White Gateway.

The Lord is the Morning of my Hope the Lord is the blessed Eventide. The Lord is the Lantern in my hands, the Lord is my strength and my soul's guide.

The Lord is the gold edge to Life's Cross, the Lord is the rainbow in Life's Sky, the Lord is the Loving Voice we hear, when all the world shall pass us by.

The Lord is the Smile that Lights the World, the Lord is the soul's most glorious palms, the Lord is the Love that Never Fails, the Lord is the Ever Waiting Arms.

The Lord is the Shining Sanctuary, in which all sufferers find relief, the Lord is the Hand that Takes Away, the agony from deep despair and grief.

her manufactured goods, got further industrialised areas by her "conquests"—and many more mouths to feed. She must sell her products abroad to buy food for her 90,000,000 people. And she has growing surplus of imports over exports. That's why, in Hitler's own words, "Germany must export or die."

Game population of U.S.A. is on increase despite activities of hunters. Census reveals States have 1,742,900 wild animals. Only bears, mountain goats and mountain sheep show decrease.

Last year clearances in Britain of tobacco for home consumption alone totalled nearly 190 million pounds. Returns show that least tobacco is consumed in January. Then, I suppose, good resolutions are forgotten, and smoking gets back to normal.

GERMANY'S official map of Europe is still pretty well

£5,000,000 Government Subsidy For Shipowners This Week**BRITAIN TO BUILD UP RESERVE OF FOOD-SHIPS****HERO WENT MAD HELPING OTHERS****GAVE HIS LIFE IN AIR-LINER DISASTER**

HEROISM BY AN AIR-LINER'S STEWARD, WHOSE DEVOTION TO DUTY WAS SO UNSPARING THAT HE BECAME INSANE AND DIED, IS REVEALED IN THE REPORT OF THE OFFICIAL INQUIRY INTO THE SINKING OF THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS FLYING-BOAT, CAVALIER, OFF LONG ISLAND, WITH THE LOSS OF THREE LIVES.

The Air Ministry's Chief Inspector of Accidents, Wing-Commander Vernon S. Brown, writing of the circumstances in which the steward, Mr. R. Spence, met his death, says:

"He wore himself out assisting passengers until he lost his reason. He became very restless and excited, swimming away and wasting his energy. Everyone repeatedly called him back.

"Suddenly, on one of his excursions, he started thrashing the water furiously with his hands and feet. He was brought back and held between the First Officer and Mrs. Watson. Almost at once he became delirious and died.

"After attempts to revive him by massaging had failed, he was let go and sank."

Steward Spence was an Irishman, living in Bermuda, and was about twenty-six. He was much liked by the passengers, but, unfortunately, suffered from air-sickness, and had consequently announced his intention of giving up flying.

His family live in McClure-st., Belfast, and, five years ago, he gave up a post as a shop assistant to join his brother in Bermuda.

Dealing with the lessons of the disaster, the Chief Inspector says that flying-boats should have an additional supply of heat under the control of the crew to raise the temperature of incoming air before it reaches the carburettor jets.

Leaking around the carburettors caused the engines to lose power and forced the machine down.

CAPTAIN ABSOLVED

Sea conditions were too severe to make good landing possible, and as a result of damage to the hull in alighting the cabins were flooded, the Cavalier broke in half and sank.

Of three people who lost their lives, the inspector says that one, John Noakes, was severely injured at the landing when, contrary to instructions, he stood up to see what was happening.

Another passenger was stunned by part of the craft's structure. Absolving the captain and first officer from all blame, the inspector agrees that passengers should be strapped in their seats at the take-off and landing. As additional life-saving equipment, the inspector recommends that some type of raft or lifeboat should be carried, with provision for emergency rations and pyrotechnic signals.

COMPANY THANKS WOMAN

A statement by Imperial Airways dealing with the report, says, "The company takes this opportunity of expressing publicly to Mrs. Edna Watson admiration for her heroic behaviour in sustaining the spirits of the survivors while in the water, and contributing materially to the preservation of life."

I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES!

**Three Proposals, But—****VICAR TO STAY A BACHELOR**

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Birkenhead, near Bradford, Saturday.

THE REV. JOHN EDINGTON, SIXTY-ONE-YEARS-OLD VICAR OF THE SCATTERED WEST RIDING PARISH OF BIRKENSHAW-CUM-HUNSWORTH, WHO RECENTLY ADVISED COUPLES TO MARRY YOUNG, HAS HIMSELF RECEIVED THREE PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE.

He has rejected them all because he considers a clergyman can work better if he remains single.

TROOPS DIG OUT 35 MEN IN AVALANCHE

Toulouse, Saturday.

YESTERDAY'S series of avalanches in the Ariège Department caused 15 deaths, injured scores of people, many of whom had narrow escapes, and partially destroyed the mountain village of Bareges.

Fifty men making a dam at Lake Izourt, at an altitude of 4,800 ft., were buried by avalanches, but, despite great difficulties caused by a storm, 35 of them were rescued by troops. The bodies of the 15 other men were recovered later.

Exchange.

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

IT STARTED WITH

He thought it was nothing serious... he didn't take precautions... now his doctor says he may be laid up for a month...

'Flu is so terribly weakening, leaves such a dangerous gap in the defence against winter ailments—if it is neglected. THERMOGENE Medicated WADDING gives protection, its self-generated warmth

stimulates circulation, bolsters up resistance when it is at its lowest point. It is also invaluable for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis. KEEP A BOX HANDY NOW— from all chemists 1/3d.

THERMOGENE
Medicated
WADDING



★ For head and chest colds, catarrh, etc., use THERMOGENE VAPOUR RUB—the modern double-action remedy. From all chemists 1/3 per jar.

SCHEME MEANS WORK FOR 50,000 MEN

BY OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

A BIG SCHEME FOR HELPING BRITISH SHIPPING WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS THIS WEEK.

It is the result of the talks Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, has had recently with shipping and shipbuilding leaders during the past few weeks.

A Government subsidy of at least £5,000,000 will be provided to—

Build up a powerful reserve fleet of mercantile vessels for transporting food, munitions and men in the event of war.

Enable British shipping lines—cargo and passenger—to recapture the traffic they have lost to the subsidised lines of Germany, Italy and other countries.

Stimulate the British shipbuilding industry by putting in hand at once the construction of thirty new ships.

Tramp-shipping will receive a subsidy of £2,500,000 a year, and the big ocean-liner companies will receive a sum sufficient to enable them to establish supremacy on their routes.

COASTERS AS WELL

The coastal trade, and that between Britain and the Continent, will also receive subsidies amounting to some hundreds of thousands of pounds a year.

In order to provide work in the shipyards, and accumulate a reserve of ships for use in the event of war, a "lay-up and build scheme" will be subsidised by the Government.

New ships will be laid down in the shipyard of the most modern type.

When they enter into service, the ships they replace will be laid up in the estuaries around the coast, with a caretaking crew on board, so that if ever war comes they can be commissioned for service immediately.

At the same time, so far as the ships performing our carrying trade are concerned, they will be gradually increasing in speed and quality, as more and more of the new ships come from the shipyards.

It is hoped to provide work for at least 50,000 men in the shipyards when the scheme gets into full operation.



Roma Beaumont, who has a leading part in "The Dancing Years," Ivor Novello's colourful, tuneful and successful new musical play at Drury Lane.

BUT WHEN THEY OPENED IT—

C.I.D. officers called to a Birmingham metal works opened with great care a tin box which had been found bearing the words "I.R.A." The tin was empty.

More Jap. Gains In China War

THE OCCUPATION OF WUCHENGCHEN, WHICH, IT IS CLAIMED, ENABLES THE JAPANESE TO THREATEN DIRECTLY THE CAPITAL OF KIANGSI PROVINCE, NANCHANG, HAS BEEN COMPLETED AFTER A WEEK'S STUBBORN RESISTANCE BY THE CHINESE, ACCORDING TO A FIELD DISPATCH RECEIVED AT TOKYO.

Wuchengchen, thirty miles south of Nanchang, lies at the junction of the Kan and Siu rivers, whose waters flow into Lake Poyang.

The capture of Wuchengchen is said to enable the Japanese Navy to dominate Lake Poyang, which covers an area of 7,000 square miles, by opening the waterway from Hukow.

THOUSANDS ANNIHILATED

The Japanese forces, states Reuters, are supported by aerial and artillery bombardments.

Chinese casualties are put at 800 dead, while 150 Chinese have been taken prisoner. Japanese casualties, given as about 50, include one major killed, and two detachment commanders wounded.

Meanwhile, according to a message from Kihua, quoted by B.U.P., a thousand Japanese troops were annihilated in a fierce 48-hour battle near Hangchow.

The battle, it is stated, took place after Chinese artillery had blown up a bridge over the River Chientang, which the Japanese had crossed, thus cutting off their retreat.

While Japan is concentrating her

A NAVAL OCCASION

Always a handy man, a British sailor from H.M.S. Vendictive at Tortola, in the British Virgin Islands, steps in as nursemaid (unpaid) while the mother of this picaninny has a night off.

Full Surrender FRANCO'S TERMS FOR PEACE

THAT THE WAR IN SPAIN MAY END AT ANY MOMENT IS REFLECTED IN THE PUBLICATION YESTERDAY IN THE ROME NEWSPAPER "IL PICCOLO" OF A BURGOS MESSAGE IN WHICH GENERAL FRANCO'S PEACE TERMS TO MADRID ARE OUTLINED.

Franco's ultimatum, which demands unconditional surrender, contains two main conditions:

(1) The immediate handing over of all Republican aircraft, which must be flown to specified Nationalist aerodromes; and
(2) The immediate handing over of all arms, munitions and artillery.

But the Civil Governor of Madrid, Señor Jose Gomez Ochoa, gave a flat denial to the "surrender" reports circulating abroad.

"We all desire peace," he said, "but not any sort of peace. We want an honourable and worthy peace such as the Madrid Defence Council has advocated."

48 HOURS TO DECIDE

According to the Burgos message published in Rome, however, Franco gave the Republican peace emissaries who flew to him, forty-eight hours in which to accept or reject his terms.

But it is not known from what hour the time limit runs. It is presumed to mean forty-eight hours from the time the emissaries left Burgos by air on their return journey to Madrid, and this time is not mentioned.

MR. HUDSON'S TRADE TALKS IN MOSCOW

Moscow, Saturday. Aspects of Anglo-Russian trade were discussed between Mr. R. S. Hudson, British Secretary for Overseas Trade, and M. Mikoyan, Commissar for Foreign Trade, here to-day.

Conversations, started yesterday, went on all through to-day, even during the luncheon given by M. Mikoyan and attended by the Commissar for Foreign Affairs, M. Litvinov, and the Vice-Commissar, M. Potemkin. The talks will continue to-morrow.—B.U.P.

DALADIER BROADCAST IN SIX LANGUAGES

Paris, Saturday. Translations of M. Daladier's speech to the nation early next week will be broadcast in English, German, Italian, Spanish, and Arabic.

The French Premier, appealing last Wednesday to employers and workers for unity, announced that he would probably broadcast to the nation later.—Reuter.

Fox-Trot That Wasn't! CHANCE REVEALS NEW SPY RUSE

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Paris, Saturday.

INNOCENT-LOOKING GRAMOPHONE RECORDS, BEARING THE TITLES OF FAMOUS SONGS OR DANCE TUNES AND THE NAMES OF WELL-KNOWN MAKERS, ARE NOW BEING USED BY ENEMY AGENTS IN FRANCE TO GET THEIR REPORTS ACROSS THE FRONTIER.

It was by the merest chance that this secret was brought to light.

A Customs officer on the Eastern frontier noticed among the belongings of a traveller towards Germany a record bearing the title of his favourite fox-trot.

As the man also carried a gramophone, the officer asked him to play the record to please him, but so many excuses were made that the Customs man became suspicious.

Taking possession of the record, he played it and, to his astonishment, he heard a voice speaking in German, of which he knew enough to realise that the disc was a record of information concerning local defences.

REGULAR JOURNEYS

Other records were examined and found to be of the same character. The records were confiscated, and now the traveller is in Strasbourg prison awaiting trial by a military court on a charge of espionage.

It is alleged that agents have regularly been travelling and from France and Britain recently with these camouflage records in their baggage.

Now French Customs officers insist that all travellers carrying records shall play at least one selected at random by the examining officers.

CEMETERY RATS MENACE A VILLAGE

From Our Own Correspondent

Folkestone, Saturday.

THE Medical Officer of Health has informed Elham Rural District Council that rats, complained of in some houses at Lyminge, a village near here, breed in the tombs of an old cemetery.

He has warned the Council that there is a danger of the rats attacking children living in the houses.

Mrs. Webb, a widow, of Lyminge, stated to-day that the rats are making life unbearable for her and her family of five children.

The cemetery from which the rats are stated to come is only a few feet from the rear of Mrs. Webb's home.

WALL STREET CLOSE

New York, Saturday. Dull trading conditions prevailed on the New York Stock Exchange to-day. Prices were a fraction lower than at the close yesterday.

Traders adjusted their commitments as a precaution on the eve of Signor Mussolini's speech.—B.U.P.

NEW PROBLEM PLAY

This week the presentation at Richmond will consist of a new play "If You Only Knew," by E. C. Pollard, presenting an interesting problem and providing many thrills. It will begin its short season on Tuesday and not, as is customary, on Monday.

GOLD RUSH TO U.S.

GOLD to the value of £10,000,000 was taken aboard ships leaving Britain last night for New York; and £4,000,000 will be shipped by the Normandie to-day.

Britain's previous exports of gold to the U.S. last week totalled £13,738,000 in four days.

The Aquitania sailed from Southampton with a bullion cargo of £5,000,000, including £1,430,000 from Brussels to the New York Federal Reserve Bank; and the Ascania left with £2,000,000.

Bullion to the value of £3,000,000 was taken aboard the Holland-America Line's Veendam off Fawley.

Zest for Work depends on Restful Sleep!

YOU may never know how good a good night's sleep can really be until you drink a cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' just before you go to bed.

Make the test to-night. Notice how quickly you fall asleep. See how fit and vigorous you feel in the morning—full of zest and energy for the day's work.

There is definitely nothing like 'Ovaltine' for ensuring a perfect night's sleep and making it fully restorative to body, brain and nerves.

The special and exceptional properties of 'Ovaltine' have made it the best and the most popular night-cap all over the world.

Drink delicious
OVALTINE
—and note
the Difference!

F. 466A

You get this FREE



Delightfully Toasted Deliciously Flavoured

A FULL SIZE PACKET OF QUAKER FLAKES -they're malted!

QUAKER CORN FLAKES

Quaker Oats Ltd

DISTRIBUTORS, SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX, MADE IN ENGLAND

when you buy this...



THE FAMOUS BREAKFAST FOOD 'Shot from guns'

QUAKER WHEAT PUFFED

this is my cereal! says SHIRLEY TEMPLE

A 20th CENTURY FOX STAR

Get your bargain bundle at once at your grocer's

BUT HURRY!... HIS STOCKS ARE LIMITED

To introduce you to the two best breakfast treats, this double offer is made. Get from your grocer one packet of Quaker Wheat, 6½d. — and he will give you, absolutely free, a full-sized packet of the famous Quaker Flakes!

QUAKER FLAKES are malted! How good that makes them taste! How crisp and appetizing! The secret Quaker recipe gives you all the goodness of ripe corn, plus malt, in the most delicious form imaginable — every helping's a helping of energy.

QUAKER WHEAT is the famous food 'shot from guns' — crisp golden grains that melt in the mouth — delicious! The unique process by which Quaker Wheat is made, explodes the grains to eight times their normal size — and gives them a wholly new, exciting breakfast flavour that'll simply thrill the whole family!

Both Quaker Flakes and Quaker Wheat are triple-trapped — not a chance of these two favourites losing their crispness!

GUARANTEED BY QUAKER OATS LTD., SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX

BOTH MADE IN ENGLAND

Edward Lyndoe Tells You—

HOW TO PLAN WITH THE PLANETS

SIGNS OF THE WEEK

MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION OF THE WEEK: WILL HITLER CONTINUE HIS MARCH TO THE EAST? MY JUDGMENT OF MY CHARTS TENDS TO THE CONCLUSION THAT HE WILL CONTINUE HIS POLICY OF SNATCHING PIECES OF TERRITORY, IF NOT ENTIRE STATES, IN THAT PART OF THE WORLD.

I venture what must seem like an extremely hazardous prediction: he will do his best to jockey Germany into the strongest possible position before the democracies smack out at him!

But the bitter truth is that they will never need to do so. Internal trouble will be his undoing. At the same time I do not find indications of any Eastern European campaign calculated sufficiently to upset the democracies to cause war.

You must not mistake the menace to Holland nor the indications I find of Italy chiming in again very soon with demands on France. In both cases the events will come unstuck in consequence of extraordinary sequences of events.

I find the strongest evidence that Mussolini is, at the present moment, risking much of his prestige at home in making his idiotic demands. A sensational show-down, probably staged by France, will puncture this new gasbag of a scare.

Of special significance is the fact that, more and more as my charts are carried into the future, Hitler's position as leader of Germany appears to be threatened by the men nearest to him. I have hinted here in the past, and will repeat that it is in the hands of Hermann Goering that much of the future lies.

In other words in spite of all kinds of speculations, I find him as the likeliest man to succeed Hitler. Moreover, I do not consider the succession will be any too long delayed.

Switzerland's retort that any moves made against

her would be strongly resisted might almost have been an astrological forecast, because I am certain that at least the German-speaking portion of Switzerland will be the subject of some big moves at a fairly early date.

A word is necessary summing up Russia's attitude. This will be cynical in the extreme, and will amount to driving sound bargains with both the democracies and the dictators.

Any idea that events will drive Hitler on to the sharp spikes of Russia's defence is beside the mark, at this time of day, because Stalin will stage as good a piece of sitting on the fence as we have known.

Discussions between Hitler and Stalin will form the subject of world news this year. Expect shocks to preconceived theories.

I offer the prediction that it will not be more than a few weeks at most before Franco starts his nonsense, upsetting Britain as well as the dictatorships.

He will begin to insist on Spain having everything to herself, and I shall not be surprised to find Britain faced with a demand (which she will laugh off) for nothing less than the return of Gibraltar.

I do not give more than fourpence for Franco's hopes, but there will be a tidy scare over this.

Following my remarks recently about the Arab-Jewish question, I find in one of the most important connected charts a direct indication of another Power interposing in some way.

It looks to me remarkably like the Turkish dictator putting Arab malcontents in their places. Incidentally, these moves will coincide with a strong trend towards the forging of new links between Turkey, and a neighbouring country, with Great Britain, much to our eventual benefit.

Weather conditions this week will be blustery and unsettled. In practically all parts of the country we must expect rain storms, possibly accompanied by hail, between now and Wednesday, and from then until the advent of April, fairly typical weather for the time of year.

HOW WE ALL STAND THIS WEEK

(Applying to those whose anniversaries occur this week.)

TO-DAY

ONE of the best years you have had for some time, and I do not doubt that you will be able to make the headway you desire. Some improvement in general status seems almost inevitable, and this in all likelihood links up with questions of occupation.

TO-MORROW

Plenty to hold your interest this year, but it is a time of considerable fluctuation in your affairs. One of the most interesting indications points to the possibility of more travel than usual, and some striking benefits occur in home life.

TUESDAY

Many upheavals are indicated for this year, and I am afraid the barometer is set for extremely stormy weather. Your own impetuosity is likely to be the fundamental cause of a good many of the difficulties you encounter.

I cannot stress too strongly the desirability of sticking to your normal routine in everything just now.

WEDNESDAY

Although this year is not without its difficulties, I think you will find the balance well in your favour by the time you reach the end. It is a year of interesting changes, and you can strike out for yourself now with every confidence of success. New ventures do well.

Financially, the prospects could scarcely be bettered.

THURSDAY

Expansion of your major interests is indicated, and you should be able to make remarkable headway now with the improvements you desire in your general status.

Influences relating to occupational interests are particularly heartening. I cannot see anything likely to interfere seriously with your progress.

FRIDAY

This year brings much more stability in your major interests, but I am afraid you are going to find it rather trying at times. The two most cheering features are the assistance given you now by older people, and the possibility of some interesting travel.

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY IS

THIS WEEK you can have a specially compiled Month-by-Month Review of your affairs up to the end of March, 1940 (over 3,500 words!) by applying AT ONCE, together with a P.O. for 2/- to cover clerical and postage costs. State name (Mr., Mrs. or Miss), full postal address, date of birth, and send to Edward Lyndoe, c/o "The People," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

SATURDAY

A highly interesting year because of the adventurous spirit which is present in most of your activities. Bold measures prove well worth while just now. Gains from unusual sources are clearly indicated. Snags arise chiefly out of interference in your affairs by people older than yourself.

BRIEF BIRTHDAY INDICATIONS

(Look for your birth date below to find your section.)

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20

A HIGHLY deceptive type of week, and I advise you to walk warily right the way through. The present week-end is none too pleasant, and by Tuesday current difficulties tend to reach a head.

I would strongly urge the utmost caution regarding all matters of a purely domestic nature. Mid-week tends to be rather quiet and uneventful, but Friday sees a recurrence of the snags of the earlier days. Then towards the week-end the outlook takes a surprising turn for the better. Saturday is an exceptionally helpful day for all your interests, and I suggest you save your major activities until then.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20

Most of you are likely to be feeling cheerful enough over the week-end, and Monday is calculated to add to your feeling of well-being. It is a highly propitious day which favours practically all your general interests, & s. d. gains, for instance, are by no means unlikely.

Once it is over you strike a difficult patch, and Tuesday is a distinctly quarrelsome day which throws all your plans out of gear. Then comes a fairly tranquil spell in which most things run smoothly enough. Saturday puts an end to this comfortable phase, and is a day to be handled with all due caution.

MAY 21 to JUNE 20

A pleasant type of week lies ahead of you with at least two outstandingly good days on Monday and Friday. Monday, for instance, helps to dispose of a recent domestic problem, and introduces a much happier tone altogether in home affairs.

The chief benefits conferred by Friday appear to link up with the interests of older people. The principal disadvantage of the week is the amount of financial tension likely to be experienced. Be very careful about all expenditure round about Wednesday.

JUNE 21 to JULY 20

Quite an interesting week in spite of the fact that it is not particularly helpful with regard to either finances or occupational interests. Home interests predominate during the early days, and on Monday, in

particular, you can count on some pleasing incidents to do with people in your immediate circle.

Midweek is the most dangerous phase so far as s. d. interests are concerned. I would strongly advise against any form of abnormal expenditure at that time. Then towards the week-end you run into rather a difficult patch in your personal relations. Home life may be badly affected, and there seems to be a quarrelsome note in your dealings with friends and acquaintances.

JULY 21 to AUGUST 20

A week which shows considerable fluctuation in practically all your interests. After a pleasant week-end Tuesday marks the beginning of a phase of financial strain, and from then on I would recommend caution in handling all matters having a financial bearing.

Mid-week, notably Thursday, is a trifle more optimistic, but once past that point rapid deterioration sets in, and I would strongly urge the utmost caution in everything. Matters chiefly affected appear to be home affairs as a whole, and things intimately connected with your older friendships.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 22

I regard this week as quite a helpful phase in your affairs. On Monday you receive valuable assistance in dealing with current domestic difficulties, and I do not doubt that the events of the day will introduce a much more settled tone in all your personal relationships.

Round about mid-week there is a need for increased care in dealing with things of a financial nature, and Wednesday in particular demands the utmost caution in this respect.

SEPTEMBER 23 to OCTOBER 22

Most of you should already be feeling quite cheerful, and Monday gives you just the additional assistance you need in pushing your plans. It is an extremely helpful day for all financial interests. I advise you to steer clear of Tuesday for anything of importance.

You must expect upsets in the home and considerable disturbance to do with things affecting people either much older, or much younger, than yourself.

OCTOBER 23 to NOVEMBER 22

Right from the beginning of this week you appear to run into difficulties. Tuesday marks the culminating point of a whole series of petty annoyances, and I strongly recommend you to be patient in all your dealings with others.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22

The beginning of this week is not too helpful, I am afraid, and I advise you to go cautiously in any expenditure you may be making for a few days. One source of difficulty appears to be a setback in connection with occupational interests. Signs, too, of friction with a close associate.

If you take my tip you will play for safety with everything this side of Wednesday. That is a highly fortunate day, which should be singled out for all your major activities this week.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 19

Many ups and downs this week, and you will have to keep your head in dealing with current affairs. Be very careful about anything which has to be tackled this week-end. You will do well to hold your hand until Monday, which opens up a much more helpful period altogether.

Wednesday is another day on which to go cautiously, although most of the difficulties appear to be of a minor order.

JANUARY 20 to FEBRUARY 18

The week starts rather quietly, and I do not anticipate anything of special significance to interfere with the smooth running of your affairs. The only point I would stress is the desirability of caution in all financial matters for a few days.

I suggest that as far as possible you tackle things of major importance during the first half of the week.

FEBRUARY 19 to MARCH 20

Considerable obstruction at the beginning of the week by people round about. You will probably be feeling highly exasperated in consequence.

I advise you to hold your hand until Wednesday, which gives you all the assistance you need. You should certainly take advantage of that day for dealing with all matters of importance this week.

NEW WHIZZ FIZZ

'ALKA-SELTZER' ANTACID

ENDS EFFECTS OF UNWISE EATING

OVER-SMOKING • DRINKING AND LATE HOURS

JUST because you've got an aching head, an upset stomach or morning misery you needn't go around half-dead. When you wake up feeling worse for wear—there's a simple way to put yourself right. It's 'Alka-Seltzer'—a clear, bubbling alkalinizing drink that relieves acid, kills headache, makes breath and stomach clean and sweet. Whizz-fizz goes 'Alka-Seltzer'—leaping in the glass with the relief and renewed pep it's waiting to put into you. Drink it down, and feel it whizz you back to normal!

'ALKA-SELTZER'S' done the trick for 25,000,000 others. 'Be wise—alkalize!' There's nothing like 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets to relieve pain quickly, settle your stomach and neutralize excess acid. It's NOT a laxative—just an alkalinizing life-saver that sets the world to rights, lickety-split.

SAMPLE OFFER: Send postcard for free sample to Sole Distributors: DON, S. NICHOLSON & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 1146) 10, 15, Grafton Street, W.1.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

Alka-Seltzer
EFFICIENT • ANALGESIC • ALKALIZING TABLETS

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS etc. — even bugs

Carbolic: 2d., 6d., 1/- Powder Flask 1/-

Men Form League To Cust Women Workers!

150 Years Bare, But Bearing Up!

A NICE TRADESMAN'S FAMILY HAS JUST CELEBRATED WHAT MUST BE ONE OF THE ODDEST OF JUBILEES.

It is the 150th anniversary of the family baldness. For five generations, every member of the family has been born bald and remained bald for life.

The youngest member of the family is just three and has not a single hair on his head. It looks as if he, too, will afford work for the wig-maker.

STORY OF A "GOLD" BRICK

WITH the letters "B" and "F" displayed on opposite corners of it, a large "gold" brick weighing about 30 lb. glittered yesterday on a ledge of the witness-box at Marylebone Police Court.

It was produced in evidence by Detective-Inspector John Smith when Max Lerner, forty-nine, estate agent, of Elgin-ave., Maida Vale, W., and Jean Levy, forty-five, wine merchant, no fixed home, were charged before Mr. L. R. Dunne with being concerned together in attempting to steal £2,100 from Max Brahm, independent, of Belsize-rd., Hampstead, N.W., by means of a trick.

Detective-Inspector Smith stated that Lerner told him: "I don't know anything about it only I was going to get commission." Levy said, "I tried to sell the goods (the ingots). I didn't mean to steal."

The accused were remanded. Lerner was allowed £100 bail.

Move Even Spreads To The B.B.C.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Bristol, Saturday. IN A "LONG OVERDUE" EFFORT "TO COMBAT THE FEMININE INVASION," A NATIONAL MEN'S DEFENCE LEAGUE HAS BEEN FORMED HERE.

The organisers declare that unemployment among men is the fault of women. Pamphlets have been printed and widely distributed, pointing out the feminine invasion into the realms of teaching, medicine, music, Civil Service, banks, pharmacy, even the B.B.C.

GETTING KEY JOBS

"Men at the B.B.C. are proposing to use the staff organisation, which is being formed, to safeguard their positions. They say women are getting all the key positions and that the whole organisation at Broadcasting House is coming under their control," state the League organisers.

"Owing to the employment of women in orchestras and bands, men are forced to seek a livelihood by playing in the streets. The recent performance by a woman on the B.B.C. organ marks another stage in the advance of the female invasion of Broadcasting House," it is added.

Cheap female labour, the organisers declare, is responsible for branch managers in chemists' shops getting as little as 55s. for a 66-hour week. Factory accept lower wages than men, so that conditions are not improved.

"University-trained women are ousting men from industry and professions," they say. "A bad salary for a man can be a good one for a woman, because of their lack of a man's responsibilities."

EXTRAVAGANT TASTES

Even the falling birth-rate is blamed on the women by the Men's Defence League.

The League denounces the "streams of expensively dressed and shod, painted, powdered, plucked and 'permed' women who journey to offices and professions while men queue up at the Labour Exchange."

"Thousands of men to-day, through unemployment, are unable to consider the question of marriage. Others, fortunate still to have jobs, realise the impossibility of making matrimony a success because their salaries are not sufficient to satisfy the extravagant tastes of the modern girl."

"Supersede female labour by male, and these extravaganzas would be curtailed. Men with a moderate salary would be able to think of matrimony as a practical proposition," states the League.

The organiser, Mr. R. C. Pinkerton, told me:

"The National Men's Defence League is not anti-feminist, but really feminist, for it seeks to give women what the majority really want—a mate, a home and a family."

SPINSTERS' PENSIONS OPPOSED BY WOMEN

The agitation by spinsters for a pension came under fire when the Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries held their annual conference in London yesterday.

Miss A. C. Beamish, who presided, said that in upholding the dignity of the head, they could only oppose a proposition which considered a woman who had not succeeded in catching a husband was so much an object of pity that she had to be compensated at the rate of 10s. per week.

"We consider that it is better to work for improved conditions for all women and pensions at a lower age for all," she added.

Stabbed Woman KNIFE WAS HER FATHER'S PRESENT

A BLOODSTAINED CARVING KNIFE WAS SHOWN TO A MEDICAL EXPERT AT THE INQUEST AT BECKENHAM, KENT, YESTERDAY ON MRS. IRENE MABEL FLOWERDAY, AGED TWENTY-FOUR, WHO DIED FROM A WOUND IN THE SIDE.

Her husband, Robert, William Flowerday, is on remand charged with her murder.

William Lampkin, of Kendall-rd., Beckenham, said that his daughter and her husband had lived with him for about six months. He had heard no serious quarrels between them, although they might have had tiffs.

William Lampkin, of Kendall-rd.,

child of the marriage, aged about two and a half years. His daughter had had an illegitimate child. The husband knew of this before the marriage and no trouble had arisen on that account.

Mr. Lampkin said that he made his daughter a present of the carving knife which he was shown by the doctor.

Dr. Arthur Davies, pathologist, of Harley-st., W., said that a wound in Mrs. Flowerday's side was 4½ inches deep.

A carving knife, the blade of which was bloodstained, was produced in court and was examined by the coroner, Mr. W. H. Thompson, and the doctor.

Dr. Davies said the wound might have been caused by the knife. It would have required a blow of considerable force. Death was due to the injuries received and shock.

Divisional Det.-Insp. J. W. Taylor said that the husband called at Beckenham police station and was detained.

Dr. Samuel Pope said that when he saw Mrs. Flowerday at her home, she cried, "Don't let me die" two or three times. She died two minutes after admission to hospital.

The inquest was formally adjourned until May 27.

DEPTFORD EX-MAYOR

Mr. H. A. Waldergrave, of Erlanger-rd., New Cross, Mayor of Deptford in 1936-37, died in the Miller Hospital, Greenwich, yesterday, aged seventy-five.

THANKS TO READERS

Since "The People" published an appeal for silver paper in December on behalf of Mr. Siddehurs, of 46, Railway-rd., Dartford, Kent, every morning has brought parcels from all parts of the country. Now the appeal is closed. Mr. Siddehurs requires are on order, and we have been asked to thank the readers who helped.

GARDEN NEWS

Worth-While Sweet Peas

By RICHARD SUDDELL, F.R.H.S.

TWO sweet peas worthy of a place in every garden are Lilac Gown, a new pastel shade of lilac on a white ground, and Ruffled Sparkle, a frilled variety with semi-double flowers, described as a glowing cerise with an orange tinge.

Sweet pea seeds can now be seen outdoors where a frame is not available. Set the seeds three inches apart and place small twigs in position immediately.

All sweet peas need deeply-dug trenches and plenty of root run; they need also a liberal supply of organic matter or manure worked into the subsoil.

Lime is beneficial, dusted along the trenches before planting or sowing.

SEEN ON THE SCREEN

By S.

ROSSITER SHEPHERD

Mary Astor and Walter Pidgeon have the chief parts.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

CONVENTIONAL and so-so story of matrimony and misunderstandings which fade like butter on a hot stove

Stare—Janet Grayson, Doug Fairbanks the younger, and Paulette Goddard.

KEEP SMILING

GRACIE FIELDS at her best in a disappointing comedy of a concert party ditched by its manager, but which is finally led to success when Gracie herself takes over.

ILLEGAL TRAFFIC

LIVELY and exciting melodrama built around one of America's new rackets—that of smuggling gangsters out of the United States.

J. Carroll Nash is grand as the gang leader who is finally nobbled by the G-men in some thrilling and spectacular sequences in which a man hunt is directed from the air.

LISTEN, DARLING

PLEASANT light entertainment in which a widow's children try to stop their mother's marriage to a G-man whom they do not approve. Although it would have secured their future, and of their efforts to fix her up with another partner.

Judy Garland, Freddie Bartholomew,

when the wife learns she is to expect "an interesting event."

THE ROAD TO RENO

AERIAL thrills, whoopee on a ranch, a temperamental opera singer in search of a divorce, a rancher husband who bars the way, and a song or two are the chief ingredients of this marital comedy featuring Randolph Scott and Hope Hampton.

AMUSEMENT GUIDE

THEATRES

ALDWYCH (Tm. 800.) 8.30. Wed. & Sat. 2.30. GORDON PARKER IN NUMBER SIX

APOLLO (Ger. 363.) 8.30. Wed. & Sat. 2.30. GIN LIGHT. OWEN FRANKSON DAVIES.

CRITCHEY, Wm. 3844. 8.40. Tues. Sat. 2.30. RAINBOW. GUY HAMMOND IN SUGAR & LIME.

DRURY LANE. (Tm. 717.) 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. MARY ELLEN AND TYOR NOVELLO IN "THE DANCING YEARS."

Devils, written and composed by Ivor Novello. Hippodrome. 327. TWICE NIGHTLY. 8.30 & 9. George Black's novel, "Ultimate Race."

BLACK AND BLUE. HARRY L. W. OLLIVER. MAX WALL. CARR OWEN & TORSY. Seats: 1/6 to 10/6 incl. tax.

HARRY L. W. OLLIVER. MAX WALL. CARR OWEN & TORSY. Seats: 1/6 to 10/6 incl. tax.

BINNIE HALE IN MAYDAY MELODY. Musical Romance with Roger Treville.

LYRIC (Ger. 366.) 8.30. Wed. 2.30. Wed. 11.30. Lilli Palmer, Cecil Parker, Joan White in "The Man in Half Moon Street."

NEW. 8.30. Tues. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Leslie Banks. "THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET."

OLD THEATRE. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

PALACE (Ger. 363.) 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. "THE DOCTOR'S DIEMMA."

PRINCES. (Ger. 366.) 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. "THE DOCTOR'S DIEMMA."

Q. (Ger. 366.) 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. "THE DOCTOR'S DIEMMA."

SAVOY. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. "THE DOCTOR'S DIEMMA."

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ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

CHILD WIFE!

Startling Revelations Of A Child's Marriage

BETH TAYLOR'S STORY SHOCKED THE WORLD. BELOW YOU ARE TOLD WHY!

"I BOUGHT you, body and soul! You're mine to do with as I like. Stop being so prim and proper and give your husband a real kiss!" Luke Taylor's brawny arms held her tight in their hideous embrace. His coarse, brutal mouth closed down over Beth's in a kiss that sent little eddying waves of horror over her whole body.

Using all her frail strength, she wrenched away from him, breathing fast. "Why—why said this marriage was just a—joke?" she gasped out. "You said we had to get married so folks wouldn't talk about you and me being under the same roof together, without any woman about. But it wasn't to be a real marriage. I never would have done it if it had been a real marriage."

She dodged on the other side of the table and stood there, like some tiny creature at bay, her small breasts rising and falling with the tumult of her breathing; stark fear looking out of her eyes.

Luke laughed coarsely. "You are a baby to fall for that sort of stuff!" he cried. "I married you because I wanted you, that's why. Do you think I'd have paid a hundred dollars for you, if I hadn't wanted the feel of those soft arms of yours round my neck. If I hadn't wanted to make you all mine?"

Through the fog of horror which enveloped her, Beth heard the hideous words Luke Taylor was whispering in his husky voice. "But—but I don't understand," she stammered pitifully. "I came from England here to Canada to live with my stepfather. Mother died. I had no one else to go to. I'm all alone in the world. I—I told you that."

Her voice broke. "I bought you from your stepfather. I paid a hundred dollars for you," said Luke.

"I don't know what you mean! My stepdad is dead. You told me so. You said he'd told you to look after me, so it was best we get married. Just for the look of things. I'm only sixteen. This country is so big, so strange."

Sobs choked her. She had to stop. She was thinking of the horror which had been hers, when she landed in a strange country, only to find herself quite alone. Her stepfather was not there, though he had coaxed her to come, and she was alone to greet her. She had spent her last penny to cross the ocean to Canada, steepest. It had been her dying mother's wish that she should do so. Friendless, and alone, she did not know which way to turn nor what to do.

"You can't leave the immigration office till someone turns up to claim you, the officials told her quite firmly. 'I expect your stepfather will be along soon.'"

LUKE'S STORY

But he didn't come. Instead, Luke Taylor arrived. He took a look at the lovely girl, with the blond of brown hair framing her small, heart-shaped face. His eyes lingered over the soft curves of her girlish body. Those same eyes grew bright and eager.

"I'm Luke Taylor. I've come from Tom Meredith. This girl's stepfather," he told them. "I'm to take her to Beth. I'll be responsible for the girl."

Beth was so glad to get away from the grim grey walls of the immigration office that she went with Luke willingly, hardly looking at the man.

It was only when they were in a little tea shop that he told her the news. "Your stepfather is dead," he said gruffly. "It's hard lines, but there you are. It's the way life is, you know. He pegged out four days ago, and the funeral was yesterday." He was watching her from under his odd white lashes as he spoke, but Beth did not see.

She was too overcome with horror to notice. What was she going to do now? She was miles away from home and friends. She had no money. She had no resources to fall back on. She had taken care of her invalid mother for three years, so she had never held a job. Panic swept over her. She raised trustful, terrified eyes to this man who had been kind to her. What was he going to do? she whispered. "I haven't seen my stepdad for five years. He's been over here, trying to make enough money to send for Mums and me. And now he's gone." Her eyes misted with tears.

Luke put his hand over hers. She was so sunk in gloom that she did not feel how hot were his fingers, nor how avid was his touch.

"Tom Meredith was the best friend I had on earth," he said slowly. "He'd want me to look after his little girl. And I will. I'll take you to my place. Beth, you can be my little house-keeper. You can cook and sew and clean, can't you?"

"Oh, yes," Beth's eyes shone. "I'm good at housework. I always took care of Mums." The tears came again at the memory.

"There, there. Don't you take on. Everything's going to be all right. His hand was getting hotter and more demanding now. "It's a ranch I live on. A wheat ranch. I've got a house that's lonely because there's no woman about. I need a woman, Beth."

If she had looked up then, and seen the expression on his coarse face, she might have been warned in time. But she did not look up. She gasped. "Oh, isn't there a woman at your house? Then—then how can I stay?"

He pretended to consider. Finally he struck the table a blow with his mighty fist. The cups jumped in the saucers and the tea spilled on the already stained tablecloth. Ever after, Beth was to wake in the nights, and shiver when she thought of tea, spattered on the tablecloth as Luke said, "I've got it! You can marry me. Oh, just a marriage of convenience, of course. But old enough to be your dad. But folks have a way of talking out in these parts. It isn't a good idea to go against such talk. But if you were my wife, nobody could say a word."

"Beth drew back. 'Oh, I couldn't!' she cried. Fitting through her mind were those shy, lovely dreams every girl knows, where she thinks of the man she will one day love.

"It's the only way," Luke said determinedly. "You marry me right away and then we'll go out to my ranch. It's sixty miles to the west, but we'll get started as soon as possible."

He got up as if the whole matter were settled. Everything had happened so fast and so horribly that Beth felt a band get things straightened out, and you get a job or meet some nice chap you want to marry, well, get an annulment. But until that time, you leave things to me." He was hurrying her out of the tea shop as he spoke, and into a big building.

Afterwards, it struck Beth as odd that there didn't have to be a delay while they got a marriage licence. Luke produced the licence. They went before a man and he mumbled some words. "Say, I do," prompted Luke when there was a pause.

Beth gasped out the words. "I pronounce you man and wife—two dollars please," said the man all in one breath. Luke laid the money on the scuffed top of the desk and took her arm and hurried her out of the place.

"Nonsense. You marry me as a matter of form. Then, later when we get things straightened out, and you get a job or meet some nice chap you want to marry, well, get an annulment. But until that time, you leave things to me." He was hurrying her out of the tea shop as he spoke, and into a big building.

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FAYRE FIGHTS A LOSING BATTLE WITH Her Whirlwind Lover

"HONEYMOON FOR ONE"

By GINA DAYE



FAYRE DENMERE, private secretary to a London lawyer, accepted her friend MARJORIE ISALA'S offer to use the M.Y. Nafrat moored in an Essex estuary, on which to spend her summer holiday. But, unknown to her, Marjorie's husband GREGORY had meantime sold the boat to a young man named TONY MYRON. Tony and Fayre meet on the yacht and a friendship develops between them which quickly turns to love on Tony's part, but Fayre refuses his offer of marriage. Called suddenly back to business, Fayre learns that a West End gown shop where works her school days' friend GRACE ALCORN is to be closed down by Tony's orders. Grace then confides to Fayre that her only means of living left is to find a rich husband.

GRACE smiled wryly and lighted another cigarette. "Don't look at me in such a shocked way, Fayre."

"I'm not shocked, but sorry," Fayre straightened up and looked away.

A rich husband. She thought of Tony Myron and hated him. He was bringing all this misery. He could have averted it. She did not understand anything about business, but it was by his orders that "Nathalie" was being closed down.

"You had lots of rich friends, many more than I ever knew about."

"Yes, and they vanished like mist before the sun, only in this case it was before the blizzard of poverty," Grace shrugged. "Never mind, let's have an omelette and some coffee. It's past lunch-time and I haven't even had my usual morning crust of toast."

It was late afternoon when Fayre reached Hampstead. She was glad to get to her own flat. She knelt on the settee with her arms on the back, a favourite place, and looked at the wide sweep of Heath.

Grace and all those others out of a job, with autumn gales sweeping round corners and Christmas gifts creeping into shop windows. She began to hate Tony who, renewed intensity, and then remembered that he had said he was calling to take her out to dinner.

"Well," she said to a bank of clouds she was watching, "I'll go and see what I can do."

He arrived five minutes before he said. He looked at Fayre with serious, inscrutable eyes that she tried to read. She thought: "He could make things better—he need not have done this."

"You are lovely," he said it gravely

as they sped down Fitzjohn's Avenue to the West End.

"I'm not interested," she could not help seeing how handsome he looked, his profile even more than full face.

"You must be. What were you doing this morning? I telephoned to ask how you were and got no reply, although I tried about ten times."

"Mr. Berlane asked me to cancel my holiday. He had some very important work, and both the other stenographers are away ill."

Fayre thought: "He must say something now," but he glanced down at her and then away.

DECISION

"That is too bad. I thought, as Marjorie is still in Paris, you might spend the rest of your holiday with her and I'd come over and take you both around. Marjorie said it was a bright idea. You must fix it for when those two young women return."

"Marjorie said," Fayre felt the hot colour flooding into her face. How dared he discuss her plans with Marjorie.

"Yes, I phoned her this morning, and she thought it a marvellous idea. So just tell your dear old Mr. Berlane that you will be leaving him for your precious two weeks the minute those nice young things have finished with their tempers."

"I shall do nothing of the sort. I don't want to go to Paris."

Tony smiled.

"You have been allowed to get out of hand. You don't know what is good for you. I shall have to revise my programme and ask you to marry me again without waiting for my seven days to elapse, as the theatre programmes say."

It was dark inside the car, for he had switched off the lights, and only those on the dash board splashed over Fayre and shone on Tony's hand on the wheel. Fayre felt decisions, wild, reckless resolves surging up within her.

"Supposing I accepted you? What a shock that would be."

Tony swerved, avoided an accident by inches and drew the car to the side of the road.

"I can't drive and listen to you. Darling, did you suggest you might?"

His face was very near, she could feel his breath coming a little more quickly and one hand had caught her own in a hurting grip.

"Yes, I might."

IMPULSE

There was silence. It seemed that he was trying to read into her thoughts which were beyond control. If she married him she could make him undo the harm to "Nathalie" and there might be dozens of other disasters trembling in a balance. She would use his money in helping people. He was ruthless when he might be kind. She had always lived on impulses; she could not see how dangerous this new one was, an impulse taking shape in three minutes.

"I shall alter 'might' to 'will'. I'll show you what loving means. I'll have to wait until I can kiss you. I can't wait all these people going by unless I put off this dash for one minute."

He plunged it into darkness and then he held her, his lips pressing her own, his arms round her. She felt she was drowning in a whirlpool. Then he let her go, lights sprang up again and he steered the car into the traffic.

"I don't love him," I could never love him." She still sat motionless; there was a silence which Tony made no attempt to break until they reached the restaurant. The minutes were too precious in their magic for him to spoil.

At last they were at their table, the dinner ordered, and with all the throng of careless chatter round them they were alone. Tony smiled at Fayre, who was now white, her eyes wide and dark, her hands trembling as she put down her cocktail.

"I can't believe I've travelled a little way down a bright and shining road," Tony said gravely. "I suppose I must be everyday for a spell, but I only want to repeat words like beautiful... lovely... marvellous... and to tell you

that you've made me giddy with joy. I must think of some marvellous little thing to begin with. What did you do at the office this morning?"

"Just ordinary work. Mr. Berlane was distracted, as he always is when work is rushed in. He is acting for a business trading as 'Nathalie' and it's pushed bankruptcy."

They stared at each other. Tony's expression did not alter. Fayre felt the colour burning in her cheeks.

"And you learned that I pushed it?" Tony was busy taking some caviare. Fayre clenched her hands in her lap.

"Yes, I did. It's very mean of you."

Do you know all about it?

"No, except what I arranged for Mr. Berlane."

"Then don't let's discuss it. I'm sorry you're angry."

"I feel it's mean," she repeated childishly, incapable of choosing another word. "So many thrown out of work. If one is rich..."

"One should be more liberal," Tony did not smile. The waiters came to bring the next course. A slight discussion about wines, and then Tony said as though serious questions had never arisen: "I can't help dwelling on your beauty. I love your hands. They're slim and white."

Fayre thought furiously: "He doesn't care what happens to the Grace Alcorns of this world. If I marry him I can help. Again the impulse rose and refused to be extinguished. She would devote herself to a crusade where Tony's money could carry a shining banner of hope. Her eyes were brooding, absorbed in the passionate thoughts that held no place for his passionate love. Even the kisses, and the memory of his arms holding her until she felt she might be bruised, were forgotten."

ANGER

"Are you listening to me?" he asked quietly.

She glanced up and met his blue eyes without laughter in them. They were intent on her face. She felt him reading her thoughts as he had guessed them so accurately before.

"Yes, I'm listening."

"Not really. You are thinking about other things while I only want you to think about me. It's 'Nathalie', isn't it? I thought so," as he saw the colour come into her cheeks. "But you've got to take my word for it that you can't understand what it is all about, or what I am doing."

"That is the kind of answer one gives to children." Her eyes were angry. He saw the way they grew brighter with indignation, the way the colour came back into her perfect skin.

"You are a child, Fayre, a lovely, impulsive, determined child, but a child. I love you. Will you marry me next week?"

"Next week," she echoed in amazement, for not even the desire to rescue could consider such swiftness.

"Why not, Fayre? Is there any time to lose when happiness is waiting?"

"I don't love you." She said it almost in a whisper. The chatter of the gay, fashionable crowd rose louder in contrast to the silence between them.

"A little... I am sure a little. I can make you love me more. Until tomorrow, sweetheart."

SURPRISE

She did not answer, and then, abruptly, he changed the conversation until he was taking her home and had pulled up at her door.

She did not go to the window. She stood still until she heard his car drive away, a low purr that came up through the stillness, for most of London was sleeping. Then she sighed and took up the letters which had come with the last post, also a note dropped in by Grace Alcorn.

"Fayre, can you lend me a fiver? I'm desperate. I'm writing in case you are out when I call. I met one of our staff this afternoon. She's absolutely down and out at the thought of the deluge—Grace."

The next envelope bore Marjorie's handwriting, and the contents made Fayre pause. It was written to Tony.

"Darling Tony—I'm coming home from Paris sooner than I had thought of doing, but I can fly back the moment you know you will be there. London isn't safe for us—Marjorie."

Fayre flung herself down on the couch. She was shaking all over. Any one bearing the name of Marjorie Isala would put the letters into the wrong envelopes.

TO BE CONTINUED (Copyright by Mills and Boon, Ltd.)

Your Child's Life—Beyond the Price of Pennies



There is danger in "saving" on Home Remedies—Ask Your Doctor

One point on which all doctors, nurses and child welfare experts agree is—Never give your child unknown remedies without asking your doctor first.

All mothers know this, but not all practise it. Often the instinct to save a few pennies by buying "something just as good" overcomes their caution.

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DANGEROUS ROAD AHEAD



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T MAKE A SCENE, LUCY—WE'LL GO NOW! THE WHOLE EVENING'S SPOILT, ANYWAY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER YOU. THESE DAYS—YOU'RE ALWAYS TIRED.

WELL, WHY DID YOU MAKE ME COME? I TELL YOU I FEEL FIT TO DROP.

OH, MUMS, IT'S JUST THAT I NEVER SEEM TO GET OVER THAT DREADFUL RUBBING AND SCRUBBING ON MONDAY. IF ONLY HE'D LEFT ME AT HOME...

WE WILL, DEAR. I WARN YOU! SILLY GIRL, IT'S UP TO YOU TO STOP TIRING YOURSELF OUT NEEDLESSLY. I CAN SHOW YOU A WONDERFUL NEW WAY TO WASH!

THAT'S BECAUSE WITH RINSO, just a 2-minute boil for whites, a 12-minute soak for coloureds, gets every speck of dirt out of the clothes!

For a wonderful clothes-line, this is all you have to do: Give coloureds the Rinso 12-minute boil. Put them into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. First damp any extra-dirty places and smooth

QUICK, EASY WASHING METHODS

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In a little dry Rinso. Then, boil them for only 2 minutes, and they'll be snowy!

Give coloureds the Rinso 12-minute soak in hand-hot Rinso suds and they'll be beautiful!

Woolens and fine things need only a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds to make them fresh and lovely as when new.

Remember, you need not do any hard rubbing. You need not boil for more than 2 minutes. Rinso does all the hard work for you—and does it alone. It needs no help from bar soap, flakes or any other washing preparation.

No wonder Rinso users are enthusiastic! They say that by comparison with the Rinso methods, all other ways of washing seem clumsy and out-of-date. Let Rinso make your washday easy and pleasant! Full instructions are on every packet. Rinso costs only 3d., 6d. and 1/-.

RINSO

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HERE'S THE RINSO. YOU'LL BE THROUGH YOUR WASH IN NO TIME! WHITES GET THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL—COLOURED THE RINSO 12-MINUTE SOAK. THERE'LL BE NO HARD RUBBING!

BUT, MOTHER, SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN THESE EASY METHODS? THEY JUST CAN'T BE THOROUGH!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR WASH NOW, DEAR?

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES! THESE WHITES ARE SNOWY... AND JUST LOOK HOW LOVELY MY COLOURED ARE, YET I'VE DONE NO HARD RUBBING. I FEEL GRAND! AND I'VE SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL, TOO! YOU'RE RIGHT, MUMS, RINSO'S MARVELLOUS!

THANKS FOR A GRAND TIME! YOU AND LUCY CERTAINLY KNOW HOW TO THROW A PARTY.

CAN'T THINK HOW YOU DO IT ALL, LUCY! YOU'RE A MARVEL!

THINKS IT'S RINSO THAT'S THE MARVEL!

IT'S US FOR THE OPEN ROAD, SWEETHEART, AND A GLORIOUS WEEKEND TOGETHER!

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EST. 1914

CALLING ALL CARS—

By CECIL HADLEY

Valuable New Book for every reader of The People

HERE ■ THERE ■ AND ■ ANY
OLD ■ WHERE92, Long Acre,
London, W.C.

WELL, here we are at home again, all the labels washed off our luggage and back to normal—nearly, that is. We picked the coldest days in these parts for a long time to arrive back in. And us having come from hot spots! Result, we went from Tilbury straight home to bed with a cold and a bad fat head.

Reaction Piece: One of the trials of foreign travel nowadays is keeping your luggage out of the hands of people who are aiming at sticking ornate labels on it. You have to be on the look-out all the time.

Say Fish, Where

You've Been To?
“Scientists in many parts of the world are baffled by the discovery of a 5-ft-long coelacanth in the sea off East London, South Africa. Until it was caught, this particular fish really was believed to have been extinct for 50,000,000 years.”
(News Item.)

As far as I remember it was only 49,999,999 years, 7 months, but I refuse to argue about it. Life's too short.

I HAVE come to the conclusion (after my latest trips) that women with expressive—(you thought I was going to write expansive, didn't you?)—I repeat, women with expressive chasses should not wear flannel hose. Certainly not on liners.

There was a good foundation for this view of mine (Joke over.)

And The Great

Big World Keeps Turning
“Miss — has a lighter side to her life, for it was she who some months ago started the fashion of wearing real flowers in ear-rings.”
(Gossip Boy.)

Leaving No

Stone Unturned

“I said that it was a toss-up whether Len would come out fighting as he did against Phillips, or play a waiting game and wear his older opponent down.”
(Sports Note.)

Of course, Len could have gone to the pictures and left Gains to conduct the fight by himself.

Southern Section
Injustices

“I WOULDN'T” boast about saying it first, because I'm supposed to say things first, but have you noticed folks are beginning to realise that the Third Division (South) of the Football League is gradually getting Northern?

What does give my vanity an urge is that years ago I foresaw this happening—and said so in this page.

Well, as it seems likely that Notts Forest and Tranmere are going to be relegated this season, Notts Forest will have to go into the Third (Southern) along with Mansfield, Notts County, Walsall and Port Vale!

It seems grotesquely unfair to me. Yet Gillingham, a Southern team, have been kicked out, and I fear an ambitious side like Chelmsford stands little chance of election.

Yet the Northern teams have their own section completely to themselves. Doesn't seem 50-50, does it?

Tossipist's Dream

Consummated
“Only that morning I had received a letter from Mrs. Nancy Richards about souffe containing poached eggs of which I wrote last week.”
(Society Sonny.)

Auntie

Raises Cane

“POOR old Auntie Nellie! We shan't hear of her for a few days. She was so intrigued by the sugar cane habit in Cairo she brought a few home for her girl friends. Alas! either in her cabin her trunk got up against a hot water pipe or it happened somewhere else. Anyway, when she went to unpack at home the sugar had trickled amongst all the knick-knacks we men wouldn't know anything about.”

A new high-line brassiere in apple green uncrushable crepe she bought for herself in Malta will never be any good



nov, and, inter alia (French for also gumbled up), I know that a set of beige step-ins and a two-way dress in purple and lido print haven't been done any good to

Was she furious? Coo lummy. And when Auntie steps on it! My, my! Mention it to her and she raises Cane.

Rupert

Gets the Air

“I REGRET” to hear, on my return, that Thoughtful Thora's romance has gone bust. She writes me from Thornaby that she has blotted Rupert Ovensau out of her life. Anybody can hear her cave man for mix.

Anyway, here is what she says:—

“Would that I could have adapted myself like that strong silent woman. ‘Hips 34, bust 39,’ who so illuminates our page. She knows how to deal with men.

“I might have been able to hold Rupert, but it wasn't to be. And yet—”
“How thrilled I was when he called for me on Thursday night to take me to a show; how happy I was until just before we arrived at the theatre, then—”

“I'm sorry, Kid,” he said, at the same time searching all his pockets, “but I've left my wallet at home and I did want to see this show; but, never mind, let me have half a crown till we meet again, and everything will be O.K.”

“I blushed a fiery red and inquired why he required such an article. ‘Article,’ he replied, ‘article... it's not an article I want, it's half a jimmy.’ I giggled at that, and he seemed to get so upset. ‘Ten holes,’ he went on, ‘half a quid.’ And then I understood ‘I felt so sorry for him when I said, ‘What a strange coincidence, Rupert. I too, have left my handbag at home!’

“He looked at me a long time, then murmured, ‘Thora, you're too wide for me; I'll have to go to night school.’

“Now, Auntie Nellie, why that rude remark about my figure, and why didn't he tell me before, he had to attend evening classes?”

“That's all, except for a short note he sent round later, which read: ‘I love you in life too little; I'd love you in death—too well. After that, should I carry on with him? Please advise.’
THOUGHTFUL THORA.”

Rough on

the Empire

“THE B.B.C.”—as usual—seems to have been most provocative during its absence.

Apparently an announcer said that Spider Legs Gandhi was starting a feast He corrected it later, of course.

And all the way from the remoteness of Raymah, on the North West Frontier Province of India, come some truly remarkable from our army boys about the commentary of the launch of the new battleship in which the speaker had to say everything five times before he thought listeners could grasp it—the commentary, not the battleship.

Incidentally, I have often misadvised (move up the class, son) on the milk-and-water stuff the B.B.C. dump on our poor suffering Empire. Here's what these same soldier gangsters say: “We mainly listen to Empire programmes, as you know what they serve us up!”

Yes, I know. Generally studio orchestras, or Miss Elizabeth Velvet in a group of eight songs.

Dance “Music”

Touches Depths

“AND still on the radio rampage, I find that band leaders (and listeners) are bemoaning the fact that the B.B.C. are soon to cut down the time of the night dance music sessions.

So, after six years of warnings to band leaders, I have been proved correct. They have nauseated listeners by churning out a welter of poor-to-bad crooning instead of playing dance music. And listeners have voted against it.

Saturday night last, Jack Jackson was being relayed to Sweden. What did he do? Why, crooned every number that I heard. Crooning in a foreign language would be such fun to the Swedes, wouldn't it?

Well, I can only try to help. One of these days band leaders will escape the grip and dictation of music publishers. Till then their profession will keep becoming less and less worth while, as it has for many years past.

In the heyday of radio dance music there was little or no crooning. What happens now? Why band leaders even employ children who don't know when to use a handkerchief, so squawk at

listeners, and every other week discover “new girl vocalists” who, whatever they are good at, it isn't singing.

And the more distressing their tremolo, the more engagements, croon-esses get on the air. And the B.B.C. officials apparently won't be bothered to step in and have them barred. Perhaps, like us, they don't listen.

“Kiss Me,

Hardy”

“If Nelson could have heard the cheering in Trafalgar-sq. when President Lebrun drove by...”
(Society Snaps)

Shame, isn't it? And poor old Nelson up there in the cold with only one eye and no telescope

Apparently the rage amongst the Tonsil Tommies and Adenoid Annies on the air just now is a soul-rending epic called “Tears on Your Pillow, and a Nake in Your Kart.”

A Hull of a

To Do.

“FROM an Indian newspaper (sent by Loyal Norfolk):—
HULL'S SOCCER VICTORY
London, March 9.

In the English Football League to-day Hull lost to Rotherham by two goals to nothing.

It Wasn't His Shirt

He Lost

“WHEN Mixed Fruit fell at Liverpool yesterday in the Stanley Stoopchase, his jockey (Redmond) found he had parted company with most of his riding breeches.

Redmond returned through the paddock wrapped in a rug he had been offered as an escape from his predicament.

“Two-year Cotton argument ended.”
I read. Apparently General Critchley has given up the idea of losing to Henry at golf.

I Meet Some Lads

From Lancashire

“HERE'S a scoffer and an unbeliever confounded. I never thought Oswaldtwistle, a middle-aged bachelor all from Lancashire.

Besides Oswaldtwistle, there was one for me, and that, too, I thought was only the name of a bin of something.

Nice man from Eccles he was, with the unusual name of Jones. Had a grand chassis for an auto. When he set it down anywhere it had to stay put for a time. As a matter of fact we had some about twenty of these cars at the time (when most of the other customers were in their cabins) treating each other to a blast of the best of the best. Enniald what she is to-day.

They only had one thing worry him. He wanted every Sunday morning to know how Salford had got on in the Rugby League, but, alas! our ship's wireless kept on giving out below the Association results. But when a mail caught him up he'd be happy with a bunch of cuttings sent out from home.

Them Was

The Days

“TOLD you I met Bill Hitch on the boat coming home. Naturally, we got to talking about the day. Pull up your chairs, you cricket fans, and recall the names as we went through them. Tom Hays, Fred Holland, Andy Ducat, the eccentric Alan Marshall, Walter Lees.

“D. L. A. Jephson, Lord Dalmeny (now Lord Rosebery), and Percy Fender, wicket-keeper for England, and Strudny, and Neville Knox perhaps the fastest bowler of our times—for four overs.

Know the strength for the daily round of county cricket, and so only played occasionally, but he once poked out the mittiest of Yorkshire bowlers.

Then, of course, there was the brilliant boy all-rounder J. N. Crawford, whom I see occasionally at Covent Garden Market, where he is in business. Another was his brother, V. P. S., as well.

“I met him in the days of the game's most picturesque character. How he would pound along in his long run to bowl tirelessly for England and his county, and how when as often he got amongst them, he would send the stumps spinning. Fred and I were as good as captains didn't have to “nurse” him for how he would wilt as fast bowlers do nowadays.

And when he batted. How he'd wallop the bowling. You'd go to snatch a cup of tea and he'd be so busy when you got back.

“Blind,” as they called him, created cricket legends in the field, when he was really the inventor of “Soloide Corner.”

“I expected every day to see a boy of his there through him; instead, we saw he had the centenary of World All who got Press box, we had been unable to even see the ball leave the bat.

Bengal

Likes Bill

“NOW Bill Hitch has put a new honour in his locker, for, as coach to Bengali, he has got them winners of the Provincial Cup for the first time, and they were so pleased about that in the official photograph they made Bill sit in the centre of the team with the enormous “Ranji” Cup of solid gold given by the Maharajah of Patiala to perpetuate the name of the most delightful batsman ever seen or ever to be seen.

There once only promised to be a successor—and, curiously enough, he was a relative—but, alas, when he died still to reach the height of a brilliance that the B.B.C. are soon to cut down the time of the night dance music sessions.

Bengal won three of their four matches by an innings, and in the last they had a tussle with Southern Punjab who led on the first innings. The latter are a bit of an enigma, but to see a boy of his there expected every day to see a boy of his there through him; instead, we saw he had the centenary of World All who got Press box, we had been unable to even see the ball leave the bat.

Anyway, canny bowling and captaincy by T. C. Longfield (ex-Sussex) won the pot for Bengal in the end. Hitch thinks the work of the native player, Bose, and his recent discovery, Jabbar, who fields like his mentor, at short anything.

Don't forget the “Joe Jamboree” at the State Cinema, High-st., Kilmarnock, this afternoon, at 2.30. The show is each 10.0. Some of the famous dance bands will play and the money goes to the Maudslayi Oration Benevolent Fund (London Branch). You'll never see them all together again I guess.

IN REPLY
Letters Received—J. T. (Marion Abbey), D.R. and J.P. (Dinah), S.H.R. (Redditch), D.R. (Bishop Cleeve), J.W. (1102 Kent)—Centidly, on the occasion I saw King of Northampton he should nothing (see also below).

HOW IT WORKS
and HOW IT'S DONE

THE ONLY BOOK OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

SEE
How They Work!

RADIO Discover what a radio valve does and how it does it—See how sound waves become wireless waves—Find out how your loud-speaker speaks—Understand why condensers and coils are necessary—See exactly what happens in a studio and how wireless waves are transmitted—etc.

CARS AND MOTOR CYCLES See what makes petrol vapours explode—What happens inside the cylinder—Why valves are necessary and what they do—Find out how petrol reaches the carburettor and what the carburettor does—Why we use a clutch and what goes on in the gearbox—etc., etc.

TELEPHONES See the parts inside the modern automatic telephone—Go inside the telephone exchange—Watch the almost-human line selectors find your number for you—Learn how you are able to ring up New York by wireless—Discover how people are prevented from “listening-in”—etc., etc.

AEROPLANES Learn how the air holds a plane up—What a rudder does—How the controls operate—How a pick-a-back aeroplane takes off—Discover how the pilot knows his speed and height above ground—What the “pitch” of an air-screw is—How aero engines are cooled—etc., etc.

DIVERS See how a diver brings up treasure—How he breathes and what he can do under water—Why he must come up slowly—How two divers can talk to each other and to men on the surface—Inspect the diver's equipment—etc.

CRANES Learn how a floating crane keeps upright when lifting heavy loads—How a travelling gantry crane collects its power—etc., etc.

ELECTRICITY Discover why the light switch—Why an electric motor goes round—How the Grid brings light and power to your home—How electricity is measured—How we can make artificial lightning—etc., etc.

SIGNALS Learn how signals are interlocked for safety—How an Underground train is stopped automatically if it passes a signal at danger—See what happens to a signal arm if a wire breaks—etc., etc.

ELECTRIC TRAINS Watch the “Handle” at work—See how a train gets its current—Where the electric motors are placed—How “Tube” doors open automatically—Look inside the automatic ticket machine, etc., etc.

CLOCKS See all the wheels and works for a clock and what each does—Why a spring is necessary and how it unwinds—etc., etc.

TELEVISION See how the pictures are built up from tiny electric particles—Learn how a television camera remembers a scene a week after it saw it—How moving pictures are sent through the air—How outside scenes are televised, ETC., ETC., ETC.



SEE HOW BIG BEN WORKS
Come inside the world's most famous clock—see all its wonderful machinery—see exactly how it works



SEE HOW YOUR MOTOR CAR WORKS
See exactly what's going on under the bonnet of your car. See every individual piece of mechanism and know the part it plays in making the wheels go round

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FOR THIS
Great New Work

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Please reserve in my name a copy of “HOW IT WORKS AND HOW IT'S DONE.” I enclose with this form 3d. (Three pence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Volume in my name. I understand that you will dispatch my Volume in a few days and that an invoice will be sent me. I have indicated below the Edition I require—Standard or De Luxe—and certify that I will remit the amount specified below WITHIN SEVEN DAYS OF RECEIPT OF VOLUME.		NAME: _____ ADDRESS: _____ TOWN: _____ COUNTY: _____ If not delivered, I will return to Depot 23, Henrietta St., London, W.C.2.	
STANDARD EDITION / You MUST send 3/6 cross cut AFTER receipt of Edition NOT AFTER receipt of Volume, carr. paid. required / Volume, carr. paid.		DE LUXE EDITION / You MUST send 4/6 cross cut AFTER receipt of Edition NOT AFTER receipt of Volume, carr. paid. required / Volume, carr. paid.	
YOUR SIGNATURE: _____ Write Clearly in BLOCK LETTERS		YOUR NAME: _____ FULL POSTAL ADDRESS: _____ DATE: _____	
The last day of receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Tuesday, April 4th.		N.1. H.D. X	

LAZY KIDNEYS
A CAUSE OF
BACKACHE

KIDNEY TROUBLES are common just now. Colds, chills and influenza attacks are the main causes, for they greatly increase the work of the kidneys. These vital organs are apt to clog up and weaken under the strain and the whole system suffers. Poisons manufactured from waste tissue and food remain in the blood instead of being filtered away by the action of healthy kidneys.

Don't drag about in pain, feeling worn out and miserable! Let Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills make you fit again. They strengthen, stimulate and flush out the kidneys, so that the millions of tiny tubes can do their work properly, while the anti-septic action of the remedy tends

to destroy and arrest the growth of bacteria in the urinary system. Men and women alike thank Doans Pills for recovery from sharp or nagging pains in the small of the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, lumbago, painful muscles and joint swollen ankles and limbs and the many other symptoms of weak kidney action. Read what this grateful user writes: “Golds affected the kidneys”

Mrs. B. Houghton, 26, Llanern Street, Newport, Mon., says: “The least cold affected my kidneys, causing severe dragging pains in the lower part of my back. At times I had rheumatic pains in my hips extending down to the ankles. My hands were pulled and the joints were stiff. The kidney excretions were discoloured and contained sediment, but Doans Backache Kidney Pills did me the world of good. Soon the pains left my back, and I felt quite cheerful. My health is now first rate.” (Signed) B. Houghton.”

1/3, 3/6, 5/6. Ask your Chemist for
DOANS BRAND
Backache Kidney Pills.



Rail Ticket Bought This Star

WILLIAM PENDERGAST'S remarkable scoring exploits for Chester have put this centre-forward in the four-figure class and marked him "wanted" by several managers.

Yet, two weeks before this season opened, a railway ticket would have got him for any club! Remarkable, isn't it? It's like this.

Pendergast, on his way home, after having failed to impress a V. trial with a Welsh club, ran across Secretary Peters, while changing trains at Chester.

Peters talked to him, decided to give him a chance at Chester Stadium, and—well, you know the rest. He's only just short of a goal-a-match average.

Latest football twins are Tom Dawson and Herbert Johnson, Charlton's recent captures. First at school, then with Wilby and Darlington, and later with Spennymore, they have never been separated.

Everton consider they have a coming goalkeeping star in young Burnett, who is making a big impression by his displays with the Central League side. Only 18 years of age and 5 ft. 4 in. in height, Burnett is a professional for the Goodison club last September. He formerly played with the Litherland Boys Club and as a schoolboy assisted Liverpool Boys V. Bolton Boys in a game at Goodison when Lawton, the present Everton centre, led the Bolton attack.

What about the business instinct of some young footballers. Frank Baker, a boy winger of Stoke, for example, is such an accurate shot because he has offered him a tanner for every goal he scored for the school's team.

"I'll win some pocket money for you," said teacher who promptly proceeded to chalk a ring the size of a football on the brick wall in the school yard. Baker peppered away for hours and in his first season dad had to fork out fifty tanners!

GET that SUTCLIFFE STORESHELF NOW!

Design 88 For Hanging Tools, Cycles, Coats, Frames, Garden Implements, etc. Kitchens, Toilets, etc. A strong, practical, folding shelf, perfect for hanging tools, cycles, coats, etc. Available in 3 sizes. Price 3/6. Send now for FREE CATALOGUE. Greenhouses 55/-, Avon 48/-. F. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 78, Wood Top, Hebburn Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford Street, W.1.

Without Iron Your Blood Dies

DO you suffer from dizziness? Are you easily puffed and fatigued? Have you strange pains round your heart? The symptoms of poor blood are many: nervous irritability, poor appetite, indigestion, and even constipation. These are the first signs of coming heart-strain and physical breakdown. The only remedy is to renew the blood with iron.

But you can't give your blood the iron it needs by taking ordinary iron tonics. The trouble is that none of the iron in them gets into your blood: it passes straight into your bowels and constipates you.

There's only one way to get iron to stay in your blood, where it is so vitally needed, and that is to take iron scientifically mixed with ascorbic acid. There's only one tonic known to blood specialists that has this marvelous iron-ascorbic formula: IRON-OX BRAND SUPER TONIC TABLETS.

Start improving your health to-day. Regenerate your whole system—you will look younger and feel better. There is nothing like Iron-Ox Tablets with their tonic nerve-fortifying laxative action. Sold by all chemists, Boots, Timothy Haynes and Taylor, 3/3, 5/-, 4/6.

MEN'S SHOES AT 10/9

AND FULLY GUARANTEED by the "Largest Men's Shoe Store in Great Britain." See Page Eleven. Obtainable from your local shoe shop in 17 smart styles, they are well worth seeing. Send a postcard to the makers for the name of the nearest retail stockists of these shoes.

FEATURES THAT GIVE RALEIGH THE WORLD'S FINEST CYCLE SPECIFICATION

New Patent Dynohub lighting has revolutionized cycle lighting! It's all in the front hub! Confers to operate, noiseless, no wear, drag or friction!

A great Raleigh advantage—'Stayrite' Super Stainless Steel Spokes, now standard without extra charge. Rustless and practically unbreakable.

Raleigh, Pace-Maker to the Cycle Industry, leads in its Feature Specification, as in everything else. (Illustrated are just two of the wonderful features for 1939.)

Added to them the superlative Raleigh finish and Raleigh workmanship and it is obvious why the Raleigh remains unchallenged as the world's quality cycle.

Models from **£5.10.0** cash (Sturdy-Archer speed gear 21/- extra) or on easy payments from 5/- deposit. Call for the Book of the Raleigh from your nearest dealer.

Frictionless Patent Dynohub Lighting Unit 2/- extra on a new Raleigh, any model.

Has there ever been more controversy over a player's position than that which has raged for years in Nottingham, after the arrival of Tommy Graham?

Tommy, veteran of the Forest team, is at present in the pivotal position of attempting to play a third-back game.

I know at least a dozen football experts who have been convinced for years that Tommy is NOT a centre-half, but one of the greatest attacking wing-halves since the War.

In 1934 Tommy obtained a League cap—against Scotland in Glasgow—and was a big success. He was never bettered and he has adorned the game as one of the cleverest and cleanest half-backs of all time. Are Forest quite sure they are getting the best out of Graham in the middle?

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SPORTING CHATTER

IF BLACKBURN WIN PROMOTION

THE TOAST WILL BE "CHESHERFIELD"!

"TO CHESHERFIELD" THAT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WILL I FEEL SURE BE ONE OF THE TOASTS BLACKBURN WILL GLADLY GIVE IF THEY ARE SUCCESSFUL IN THEIR PROMOTION BID.

Why Chesterfield, you may ask. What have they got to do with the Rovers winning promotion? Well, read on, Cornelius, read on and you'll thirst for information will be slaked.

Blackburn's closest rivals in the honours race are Sheffield Wednesday, Sheffield United and Newcastle, and this is what the Derbyshire boys have done to them.

Beat the Wednesday at home, drew away.

Beat the United at home, drew away.

Beat Newcastle away.

That means eight points out of a possible ten. Now on April 7 Chesterfield entertain Newcastle, and although I don't want to be accused of making improper suggestions, this gives them another chance of extending the helping hand to Blackburn.

Blackburn, I am afraid, were not so kind-hearted. They are the only club to achieve the "double" against Chesterfield.

Funny how some things work out in football. Four well-known contemporary players—Jack Warner (Manchester U.), Cyril Lewis (Grimsby), and George Lorr (Preston) were all born in the same road in Treasle, Tonsypandy, within fifty yards of each other.

Hanlon, Manchester United's centre-forward discovery, has a warm admirer in Major Buckley, of the Wolves. "A grand little player, but I still think he would make a better inside-forward," is the Major's summing up of this promising youngster. If the United did think of buying my guess is that Hanlon would be taking a train in the direction of Mollinex.

Walter Smith's diminutive New Brighton forward, triumphed over difficulties in the match at Southport. He travelled as reserve for this match. On the journey Small, Rakers outside-right, was taken ill. The forward line was entirely remodelled and Smith came in at inside-left. A pair of boots had to be borrowed from the Southport club for Walter Smith, who had to travel in them and had the satisfaction of scoring the goal which gave the visitors their point.

Reading won the Southern Section Cup last season, and just recently a crate arrived at their headquarters. When opened, however, it was found to contain the London Challenge Cup. The mistake appears to have been made by the bankers of Millwall. Millwall won the Southern Section Cup the season before last, and the London Challenge Cup last season.

Both were kept in safe custody by the Millwall bankers, who, when requested to send the Southern Section Cup to Reading, evidently sent the wrong crate. Reading thought the trophy was a long time coming, but it caused a big smile when it was found it was the wrong cup after all.

Was ever a player signed by a bigger stroke of luck than Eddie Kilshaw, Bury winger in great demand? Jimmy Porter, scout, admits that no credit belongs to him for one of the most useful signings the club ever made. A pal bought a car and asked Porter, an authority on cars, to teach him to drive. Off they went, and Porter, who was a keen driver, was caught by their eyes telling of a match at near-by Preston. Off they went, and it was there that Porter saw Kilshaw, who was round everyone with the utmost ease. "I had never heard of the lad and didn't know anything about the match," Jimmy Porter will tell you when you compliment him upon his great find.

Here's an indication of the amazing way which the Bury team is running away from all their Northern Section challengers—With nine matches to go, Bury City have already collected more points and goals than they got all last season, they have got six more away points already and have won more games than they did in 1937-38—yet, they are thirteen points behind Barnsley, although third in the table.

One of these days Ipswich will reach the eminence of Second Division champions. Scotty Dunlop, their manager, will receive a £500 bonus. I believe I am right in saying that Scotty will receive a £500 bonus. I believe I am right in saying that Scotty will receive a £500 bonus.

When Doug Reid, Stockport's clever half, reached double figures in goals the other day and found the small and select band of halves who have reached double figures in a season, I wonder whether he accepted a challenge to shoot in at a fellow who obviously fancied his chance as a goalkeeper. Doug, who possesses a terrific shot and the fellow in goal at this fair-ground certainly got his hand on the ball, then he received attention at the local infirmary for a dislocated wrist!

Here is a story that speaks for itself and which tells why the Newcastle directors are showering blessings upon the heads of their players. Everything was fixed up for Clifton to go to Leicester and the headlines were almost all about Clifton's expected play. The manager and said he would stay where he was. He immediately proceeded to show how essential he was to Newcastle's promotion effort by scoring the goal that earned a point at Norwich, and two days later doing precisely the same thing at Fulham.

Here the end of the season, Derby will baptise yet another one of two of their prominent youngsters. Manager George Jobey told me after McLachlan had his first game that it was worth £500 to me to see him play so well. Last week-end Stamps, from New Brighton, made his initial appearance and George tells me to look out for the arrival of Munson, a brilliant young left-half-back, and Jones, an outside-left. Look out also for a shock or two in the Derby lists, which are usually among the first issued before the end of the season.

Through the big Ranger, Jimmy Smith, did not consent to his transfer to Leeds on the eve of the 16th, it must not be assumed that the big fellow is to be at Brox next season. Had he been one of the "colts" waiting for his opportunity he would have been quite content, but having been for so long a regular in the League side, and also a Scottish international, it is not to be wondered at that he is keen to again get the limelight. As things are at the moment only a transfer can assure him of this, and you can take it James will be crossing the border soon—perhaps to Leicester.

Has there ever been more controversy over a player's position than that which has raged for years in Nottingham, after the arrival of Tommy Graham?

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STOKING UP AT STOKE
Peppit, Ormston, Kirtan and Walsh watch Bamber loosening up

My Soccer Broadcast

THE ACCENT TO-DAY IS ON THE LEFT—THE LEFT WING OF ENGLAND IN FOOTBALL'S BITTEREST TEST—HAMPTON.

For here is our Achilles heel. That left-wing triangle is, I'll warrant, keeping the England selectors wide awake these nights. Strange, when distinguished Englishmen like Haggood, Cullis, Matthews, Lawton and I, should think, Willingham, are, barring injuries, as good as picked.

Ah, but what about Woodley, I can hear you wise guys murmuring? Well, Vic is O.K. by me, but I think it is time Sam Bartram was given a run. Others may not see it, but I rate him every whit as good as the Chelsea ball-handler.

NEVERTHELESS, this hardly solves England's big headache. Left half. Since the end of last season, Messrs. Copping, Welch, Cullis (centre half), Wright, Gardner and Mercer (right half), have occupied this position. Of these, I would award the top, although we have still to assess the capabilities of the Boltonian, Taylor, who was robbed of his chance through injury. Well, there you are. You pay your money, and so on...

NOT so easy, is it? Supposing you have a go. You're always telling me you know more than I do, and doubtless you are right. So I'll leave it to you to pick your ideal England left wing and tell me. If you want Bioginsis, of Puddlecombe, say so. Or our inside-lefts there are Len Goulden, Ronald Dix and Haycock among the candidates. Of our left touch-line experts, Boyes and Smith, Everton and Millwall respectively, have figured in recent national elevens. Morton, the Hammer, is also hammering the door (ouch!). Well, what do you think, playmates?

HERE is my eleven: Bartram (Charlton) (Wolves) and Haggood (Arsenal); Willingham (Huddersfield) or Galley (Wolves); Cullis (Wolves) and Mercer (Everton); Matthews (Stoke); Broome (Villa) or Robinson (Sheffield Wednesday); Lawton (Sheff. Utd.) and then—well, I guess it's up to you.

THE Scots also have problems. Who is to play pivot? Well, latter problem is easy. They have plenty of crack centre-halves and have brought Bob Baxter into the top. Now Bob's a tough baby, a good one and deserved his cap long before now. Yet a kid, never a prospect, would you, that as a kid, he had spinal trouble and for twelve months lay in his bed. Well, it's true. Medical opinion condemned him to this misery for the rest of his life. Then one day, when he was only a few years old, he was taken to walk across the room and he did it! That started Baby Baxter's cure.

OTHER Scots who will get in are I should say, Shankly (Preston), Dawson (Rangers), Anderson (Heart of Midlothian), and maybe Mutch and R. B. (Preston).

Many will remember "Tim" Williamson, English international goalkeeper, who played with such credit for Arsenal and, later, Norwich. Retiring some years ago, he settled in Norfolk, and recently his son, also a goalkeeper, made his debut in Norwich "A" team. "Tim" Williamson No. 2, assists St. Barnabas, a local club, and may yet follow in his father's footsteps.

Barring injuries, Torry Gillick is certain to play for Scotland next month. This stockily-built Everton winger must be soccer's heaviest sleeper. Once, when Everton were away on special training, his fellow players lifted him out of bed and placed him in the passage. Torry went to sleep peacefully, but he appreciated the joke when he woke up. But well, where there is no leveler player on April 15.

Charlie Napier, playing so well at the moment as Sheffield Wednesday's inside-left, is being courted by the Scots team to meet England at Hampden. Napier, who has filled all five forward berths, but as a partner, Murphy, with his previous service with Celtic and Derby, is one of the few men still in the international side who have not been removed from BOTH sides. Yet to-day he is playing better than ever and Wednesday's teaming promotion hopes upon his skilful scheming and sharp-shooting.

There are many tales about the immortal Joe—of his kindness, of his innate modesty, of his immense zest for learning on-field, and most of all, of his untiring zeal during play. He would play till he dropped—and that was the way of him for 19 seasons. McCall was the master because, like all the great ones, he was willing to learn. Alex. James, David Jack, Bob Grompton, Hibbs and the others got there because they never knew enough. The chap who said that "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains" was not far wrong. Scott, Preston have always liked the Scots. Jack Gordon and James Ross of the Invincibles team, were wonderful Scots. While some rank Fred Dewhurst above Alex. James as Preston's best inside-left, though Dewhurst was English, James was a better player. And John Goodall, in the opinion of many of the centre of all football, Goodall's form was the best ever seen. Another of the Invincibles, George Drummond, a Scot from Edinburgh, was Preston's supreme superb centre-half.

Strangely enough, in such a stronghold of the Thistle, it is a Welshman who is considered the greatest of the brilliant of Preston's goalkeepers. He was James Trainer, from Wrexham, but he could not have been in advance of Peter McBride, from Ayr. More modern idols include Frank Beresford, Harry Wilson, Fred Dewhurst, and with Aston Villa, George Mutch, small Scots wizard, who won the Cup last April from the Scots. In 1935-6, Preston won the Cup, and in 1936-7, Preston played 65 games with only two defeats and three draws. They scored 318 goals against 60. Their best-ever eleven would undoubtedly include "Nicky" Hearts.

In spite of their glory, Preston have won the Cup only once and have fallen to the Second Division (once). Harking back to the eighties, I find that in 1885-6, Preston played 65 games with only two defeats and three draws. They scored 318 goals against 60. Their best-ever eleven would undoubtedly include "Nicky" Hearts.

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and 106-108 Ivy Lane
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Tooting 77 High Road

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GLASGOW 100 High Street
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CHELSEA'S CHANCE OF A SHOCKER THEY RATHER LIKE WOLVES' GROUND

By LONG ACRE

EASTER already! How time flies! Seems only a few weeks ago that we had the glut of Christmas games. Now it seems to be another little spurt before entering the straight for home. Promotion and relegation problems will mostly be settled within a few days, and every side will make a greater effort than ever to land those precious points. The desperation of some teams will not be the only factor which will lead to freak results. Players will play above themselves for this is the time of the year when the retained lists are being made up.

I SUPPOSE everybody would laugh if Chelsea got a point at the Wolves' ground on Saturday. That is, everybody except Chelsea. You see, the Wolves' ground is a very good one, and it happens to be one of the "Pensioners' pet grounds, for they have lost only one of their last six visits there. Of the other five, Chelsea have won two and drawn the other three. Not bad at all when you come to look at it. No, I'm not giving Chelsea to win or even a draw. Wolves are the obvious choice, but it's just as well for you to know that they don't have it all their own way against Chelsea.

ANOTHER apparently obvious thing which may go all wrong is Fulham v. Norwich. On form, and all the rest of it, you might think that Fulham, but just listen. Since Norwich were promoted from the Southern Section in 1938, they have visited Fulham four times, and of those eight possible points the Londoners have been able to hang on to one only! And as a further warning, don't forget that Norwich won at Bury last week-end.

FIRST DIVISION relegation possibilities all seem to be playing one another, and despite my tips, I'm prepared for anything. Portsmouth v. Birmingham is in the line of the good old days. Leicester is by no means "in the bag," although the "Bees" look as if they may score clean sheet at home. Manchester United—well, the only thing I can tip for with a reasonable amount of certainty is that it will not be postponed!

OUR FAMOUS POINTS SYSTEM

HERE is the way to work our points table. To each of the most difficult matches we have allocated 10 points. These points are divided into what proportion we think are the chances of a home win, an away win, or a draw. As an example, let us take Albion v. Liverpool. In this game we think Albion will win, so we have apportioned five points for a home win, four for a draw, and one for an away win. A more practical way of using this system is to assume that you are going to follow the game 10 times on your lines, an x on four lines, and a 2 on only one. In the other hand matches, of course, you would mark your pool according to our chart.

Albion v. Kilmarnock	5	4	1
Aston v. Fulham	5	3	2
Blackpool v. Liverpool	5	3	2
Bradford v. Coventry	5	3	2
Carlisle v. New Brighton	6	3	1
Darlington v. Halifax	2	3	5
Gateshead v. Barnsley	1	4	5
Grimby v. Bolton	2	6	2
Hartlepool v. Oldham	2	5	3
Millwall v. Newcastle	4	3	3
Norwich v. Tottenham	5	3	2
Rotherham v. Hull	6	3	1
St. Mirren v. Hibs	5	3	2
Swindon v. Brighton	6	3	1
Sunderland v. Charlton	2	3	5
Third Lanark v. Motherwell	2	3	5
Tranmere v. Burnley	2	6	2
West Ham v. Sheffield U.	2	5	3
York v. Stockport	6	3	1

FOOTBALL FIXTURES AND FORECASTS

SATURDAY, APRIL 1

FIRST LEAGUE Aston v. Fulham (1-2) Blackpool v. Liverpool (0-1) Derby v. Leeds (1-1) Everton v. Stoke (3-0) Huddersfield v. Man. U. (-) Preston v. Bolton (0-1) Sunderland v. Charlton (1-1) Wolves v. Chelsea (1-1)	SECOND LEAGUE Bradford v. Coventry (0-1) Bury v. Plymouth (2-0) Fulham v. Norwich (2-4) Millwall v. Newcastle (-) Sheff. W. v. Luton (4-0) Swansea v. Birmingham (0-0) Tranmere v. Burnley (-) West Ham v. Sheff. U. (0-2)	THIRD LEAGUE (South) Barnsley v. Exeter (0-1) Bristol City v. Cardiff (0-1) Clapton v. Walsall (3-0) Crystal Palace v. Gillingham (1-0) Newport v. Mansfield (1-0) Notts County v. Park (0-1) Port v. Bristol R. (-) Swindon v. Brighton (-) Torquay v. Bournemouth (0-0)	THIRD LEAGUE (North) Carlisle v. N. B'ham (1-1) Fleetwood v. Barrow (4-0) Gateshead v. B'ham (2-0) Hartlepool v. Oldham (2-0) Rochdale v. Lincoln (0-1) Rotherham v. Hull (0-1) Sunderland v. Charlton (1-1) York v. Stockport (-)	SCOTTISH LEAGUE First Division Aberdeen v. Q. of South (2-3) Albion v. Kilmarnock (-) Ayr v. Falkirk (2-3) Celtic v. Aberdeen (2-1) Dundee v. Dundee (-) Hibernian v. Hearts (1-1) Rangers v. Queen's P. (2-1) St. Johnstone v. Partick (-) St. Mirren v. Hibs (1-0) Third Lanark v. Motherwell (3-0)	FOUR AWAY WINS COVENTRY BARNLEY HALIFAX FALKIRK	FOUR DRAWS GRIMSBY V. BOLTON THIRD LAN. V. M'WELL H'POOLS V. OLDHAM TRANMERE V. BURNLEY
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25-Miles Record Beaten

By "SLIP" SAXON

FRANK JAMES HARMER, TWENTY-FOUR-YEARS-OLD, HERNE HILL HARRIER AND A WORKER IN THE ROYAL MINT, MADE A NEW ENGLISH NATIVE RECORD OF 2 HRS. 29 MIN. 5.25 SEC. FOR 25 MILES AT MOTSPUR PARK YESTERDAY.

The previous record of 2 hrs. 29 min. 25 sec. was made by another Herne Hill Harrier, Harry Cross, two years before the new record-holder was born. Harmer went to the front when the former English international, L. H. Weatherill, retired at 19 miles. Only seven of the ten who had entered actually started and so great was the pace set by Harmer in the closing stages that he forced all but one, Roland Funnell (Westernham), to retire.

Despite a "full house" at the White City for last year's Bank Holiday international, the A.A.A. reported a loss when they met in London yesterday. It wasn't surprising. It cost £1,250 to have the twelve American athletes, their coach and manager, and to bring them to



HERE HE IS AGAIN!

Yes, we've discovered Jack Doyle at last. He's exiled in Mexico because they won't let him into the United States. But what's the exile when you have so charming a companion as this Mexican film star?

"RED" BURMAN SAYS

Farr Is A "Rough Tough Feller"

By SECONDS OUT

"TOMMY FARR," DRAWLED CLARENCE BURMAN, "IS JUST A ROUGH, TOUGH FELLER WHO CAN'T PUNCH VERY HARD. When I beat him in the States he said he was sick. I don't know what he will say this time. I don't like fellers who make excuses after losing."

"They tell me I'm fighting him on April 13. Well, I met him last time on January 13 and he's still going to be unlucky."

If I know my Tommy Farr he won't be slow in replying to those harsh words, and so the stage is set for something out of the ordinary in heavy-weight battles.

As Farr thinks (a) that he was robbed of the decision, and (b) he was ill anyway, these two should put up a show that will make the Harvey-Gains affair look like a game of skittles.

You don't have to look at Burman long to realise why he is nicknamed "Red." No words are needed—his hair does all the talking. It's a dark, wavy, gorilla-like mane, of course, known far and wide as Jack Dempsey's protégé. He was introduced to the former world champion by Max Waxman, now Burman's manager (and also manager of Dempsey's business affairs).

"I've got a young fighter I want you to look at," said Max to Jack. "Bring him along," said Dempsey.

In those days Burman was only a middle, but Dempsey liked the look of him and engaged him as chauffeur, "while he learns the game," as Dempsey put it.

Being able to drive a car does not mean you can fight, and Burman did not break the headlines until he met and defeated Tommy Farr.

Max Waxman, Burman's manager, has looked after four world champions—Joe and Vince Dundee, Harry Jeffra and Kid Williams. Burman has won the world title to Sixto Escobar, is in England with Burman.

Joe and Vince were the only brothers ever to win world titles, says Max. "They both came from Baltimore; so did Jeffra, and so did Williams. So did Joe and Vince. It's a real fighting city, and I'm telling you right now Burman is from the same town."

"It's a real fighting city, and I'm telling you right now Burman is from the same town. I've given them to draw with things."

A dual word about another American who will shortly come to England—Henry Armstrong. "He's as tough as they make them," says Burman, and never lets up with his punching. No matter how you hit him he'll come back again, and he doesn't mind mind where they land as long as they do.

SPEEDWAY SCANDAL

WILY TRACKS ARE NOT LICENSED

SPEEDWAY SEASON IS HERE, YET NOT ONE TRACK IN THE COUNTRY HAS A LICENSE. AT LEAST, THAT WAS THE AMAZING STATE OF AFFAIRS A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO. Speedway department of the A.C.U. has been so over-worked that they could not carry out any track inspections. This task is usually undertaken by Mr. Ware, but the A.C.U. have been using him for other than speedway purposes.

Result is that speedway secretary Ivison has refused to issue licences for tracks he has not seen. If he did, and there was an accident, the coroner would be asking some awkward questions.

Isn't it about time the A.C.U. realised that speedway racing is now a full-time job, necessitating a full-time staff? Let's finish with this casualness and put everything, including the office, on a sound and permanent footing.

Control Board have been busy trying to improve things by mucking about with machines. They've introduced a new tyre and a rear mudguard on the assumption that both will minimise the amount of dirt thrown into the face of a following rider.

Actually, they do nothing of the sort. A demonstration of both during the week, and the guard failed to arrest a single flying cinder. Why the Board dickered with such things immediately before the opening of the season is beyond me. If they wanted to experiment at all they should have done so before Christmas and had everything all out and dried by now.

However, one innovation I do like is the abolition of starting money. That, more than anything, should make for real racing.

In the old days, riders used to appear for their starting money only and the cheques were given to the men hand and ready. It was a very convenient arrangement, but it was not a reasonable proportion of money was out to a reasonable proportion of the race.

Now that's all changed. A man who wants to make a living has got to earn it. Prize money has gone up in proportion, but if a man has an unlucky meeting he is provided with a guaranteed minimum.

Most cheering news of the last few weeks has been the fact that a brand-new venture at Stoke, a possibility of something happening at Halifax, a new team formed at Sharnford and the reopening of Crystal Palace.

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12 RESULTS POOL PAYING 3 DIVIDENDS
1 POINTS POOL 14 PAYING 5 DIVIDENDS

FOR MATCHES PLAYED SATURDAY, APRIL 1st, 1939	Blackpool	Liverpool	Bradford	Coventry	Millwall	Newcastle	Tranmere R.	Burnley	West Ham	Sheff. Utd.	Darlington	Halifax	Gateshead	Barnsley	Hartlepool	Oldham	York	Stockport	Northampton	Queen's P.R.	Swindon	Brighton	Albion	Kilmarnock	Ayr Utd.	Falkirk	St. Mirren	Hibernian	Third Lanark	Motherwell
1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d

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ALDINE WON 4-1
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TRAGEDY OF POMPEY AND THE RECOVERY OF THE FALCON

★ English Cup—Semi-Finals ★

PORTSMOUTH (0) 2	HUDDERSFIELD (1) 1
60,053—Barlow, Anderson.	Barclay. 26,578.
AT HIGHBURY.	
WOLVES (2) 5	GRIMSBY (0) 0
*76,962—Westcott (4), Galley.	*28,193.
AT OLD TRAFFORD.	*Ground records.

AMAZING RECOVERY

PORTSMOUTH 2 HUDDERSFIELD 1

POMPEY ARE COMING TO TOWN AGAIN TO FIGHT FOR THE ELUSIVE TROPHY. FOR THEIR FIVE YEAR PLAN HAS WORKED OUT SUCCESSFULLY. WEMBLEY IN 1929 AND 1934; NOW ONCE AGAIN IN 1939.

Huddersfield, their victims at the Arsenal Stadium, made a gallant effort to place their name on the Cup scroll of finalists for the second year in succession. Last year at Wembley they were beaten by a penalty goal in the last minute of extra time.

Portsmouth had to fight against an early goal by their rivals. They worked hard but to little purpose against a resolute defence in which Young was outstanding. Their success came through their ability to last out the 90 minutes better than Huddersfield.

In the last quarter of an hour, when they got their two goals, it was obvious that they had tired out the opposing half. The fourth goal was not good on their part, but it had the quality of persistence and it gained them the day. The biggest thrill of the opening quarter of an hour was a jumble by Barclay through the ranks of the Pompey defences, who seemed to have no difficulty in forcing a passage, and a goal at the twelfth minute seemed certain.

At the last moment Barclay transferred the ball to Price, whose pass should have been simple. Hesford advanced two steps from his goal, and he missed the ball, surprised to find the ball shot right into his arms. Chances such as this do not come often in a game—and in a Cup semi-final.

But Pompey had done plenty of attacking. With Milne in general, finding or forcing the gaps in the Huddersfield defence. The dominating figure of Alf Young, however, was not there to split the line and render it impotent.

Anderson got the passes all right, head high and on the ground, yet could not turn the ball to account, either goalwards or to his wingers, because of the attention of Young.

Huddersfield's early slip did not prove a bad omen, for in the 23rd minute they got the lead, and it was nearly so by a fine goal as anyone could wish to see.

Barclay started the movement by sending Hesford away, and the winger, who had been in the centre when threatened by Morgan, had been sent straight to Barclay, and his shot was a winner all the way.

Another fine Huddersfield raid not long afterwards saw Hesford try a long-range shot which skimmed over the bar, and they missed a good opportunity when the interval was approaching.

After Isaac had done the spawdwork, Mailman atoned in the next minute from a Price centre, the ball going inches wide.

Pompey never gave up trying. The major portion of the attacks came from them, but the Huddersfield defence was too sound, and Portsmouth had performed too well.

HOW THEY GOT THERE
PORTSMOUTH HUDDERSFIELD
H. Lincoln 4-0 H. Nott 1-0
H. West Ham 2-0 A. Leeds 4-2
H. Preston 1-0 H. Walsall 3-0
A. (replay) 2-1

Pompey never gave up trying. The major portion of the attacks came from them, but the Huddersfield defence was too sound, and Portsmouth had performed too well.

When the game was over, the Wolves' path smoothed into a gentle molehill to be negotiated with an extra man.

At Manchester roads led to Old Trafford yesterday and an hour before the kick-off the spacious ground looked full to capacity. The old gold and black of the Wolves—stood out on the closely packed terraces and stands.

The absence of stalwart Tweedy must have been a sore trial to the Grimsby hordes. But there was no lack of optimism among the "Black and White" fans before the game began.

A grand burst of cheering greeted Grimsby, followed immediately by one for Wolves, whose supporters were even more noisy.

Both teams were numbered jerseys—for the first time in a Cup semi-final. Grimsby lost the toss and promptly began a well-planned attack as if they knew the game was "in their pockets," and Grimsby for a time were content to kick the ball.

The Town forwards were triers and Boyd brought off another excellent dribble on the right. Crack on the wall square. Scott came out hurriedly to clear the menace.

When, dashing in a fraction of a second, too late, even then forced Morris to a half-hearted kick.

Two free kicks came to Grimsby too obvious offences, and from the first Scott looked in trouble until the head of Gullis intervened. Again Scott ambled off his goal to meet a telling Grimsby raid on the right.

Quick thinking on the part of Town's inside men here might have brought something tangible, but Taylor nipped in to send the ball along to Gardiner, who just sliced it clear of the dashing Boyd.

Westcott was a great Grimsby general, and Westcott was often beaten in the air by the Town pivot.

When, oh, when, the Wolves' supporters must have been saying, hereabouts, with Grimsby fairly dictating the course of the game. Well away from their own ground for the first time in this season's competition, the big Wolves just weren't.

Another Wolves raid, rather more in the nature of a breakaway, brought the first highly dramatic and—as it happened—decisive note of the game.

Westcott and Dorset were tearing through to a possible goal when Moulson dashed out. He threw himself at the feet of Dorset in sheer desperation.

Both players went down heavily and were carried off the field. The Wolves' hordes were moving more freely now, and after Howe had wasted a great chance as the other end, Westcott scored a clean goal from Wolves.

Poor Hall blundered a pass and the ball went to Moulson, whose prompt transfer got his head.

Westcott took it on a few paces, tricked Hodgson as he bent in the air and kicked it into the empty net—this after 30 minutes.

Then Moulson tried a flick, which skimmed the bar, and after 40 minutes Westcott netted again following a free kick against Beattie.

Grimsby lost more chances, and once

FIRST LEAGUE

BOLTON (0) 2	DERBY (0) 1
18,000—Westwood, Hunt.	Duncan.
CHELSEA (0) 2	ASTON VILLA (0) 1
15,000—Argue, Spence.	Haycock.
LEEDS (0) 1	BLACKPOOL (0) 0
25,000—Cochran.	
LEICESTER (0) 0	ARSENAL (1) 2
35,000—	Kirchens, Drake.
LIVERPOOL (0) 1	BRENTFORD (0) 0
18,000—Pagan.	
PRESTON (1) 1	SUNDERLAND (0) 1
12,000—Mutch, Doust.	Robinson.

HOW THEY STAND

HOME	AWAY	GOALS
P W D L F A Pts	P W D L F A Pts	P W D L F A Pts
Bolton (14) 23 15 1 1 50 15 7	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Wolves (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Middlesbrough (13) 34 9 2 4 22 22 1	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Aston V (13) 34 9 2 4 22 22 1	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Arsenal (14) 31 3 3 2 10 3 6	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Bolton (17) 34 9 2 4 22 22 1	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Charlton (14) 31 3 3 2 10 3 6	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Stoke (17) 34 9 2 4 22 22 1	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Liverpool (13) 30 6 4 23 22 2	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Sunderland (9) 34 9 2 4 22 22 1	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Grimsby (23) 33 4 4 23 22 2	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Brentford (9) 34 9 2 4 22 22 1	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Man. U. (10) 33 4 4 23 22 2	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Blackpool (12) 34 9 2 4 22 22 1	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Portsmouth (19) 32 7 7 18 11 1	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Reading (13) 32 7 7 18 11 1	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Leicester (18) 32 7 7 18 11 1	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4
Birmingham (18) 32 7 7 18 11 1	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4	Derby (12) 11 1 4 10 15 4

LONDON COMBINATION

HOME	AWAY	GOALS
P W D L F A Pts	P W D L F A Pts	P W D L F A Pts
Blackburn (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Newport (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Newport (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Newcastle (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Brighton (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Brighton (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Cardiff (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Cardiff (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34

SECOND LEAGUE

BURNLEY (1) 1	CHESTERFIELD (2) 2
8,000—Brookbank.	Ramage 2.
COVENTRY (0) 0	M'NCHSTER C. (0) 1
20,063—	Heale.
LUTON (1) 1	BURY (1) 1
12,000—Redfern, Connolly.	Roberts.
NEWCASTLE (2) 2	BLACKBURN (2) 2
45,000—Scott, Clifton.	Wedge, Rodgers.
NORWICH (1) 2	SHEFFIELD W. (1) 2
14,000—Priar, Furness.	Toshland, Robinson.
NOTT'M F. (1) 1	MILLWALL (0) 0
10,201—Brown, Surtees.	McCall.
PLYMOUTH (0) 0	WEST HAM (0) 0
19,000—	
SHEFFIELD U. (2) 2	TRANMERE (0) 0
18,000—Hampson, Sandford.	
SOUTHAMPTON (1) 3	BRADFORD (0) 2
8,000—Parkin, Briggs.	McCarthy 2.
TOTTENHAM (2) 3	SWANSEA (0) 0
18,174—Burgess, Morrison 2.	
W. BROMWICH (1) 3	FULHAM (0) 0
20,000—Jones, Clarke, Dudley.	

HOW THEY STAND

HOME	AWAY	GOALS
P W D L F A Pts	P W D L F A Pts	P W D L F A Pts
Blackburn (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Newport (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Newport (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Newcastle (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Brighton (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Brighton (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Cardiff (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Cardiff (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34

THIRD LEAGUE (South)

BOURNEMOUTH (0) 0	C. ORIENT (0) 0
4,000—	
BRIGHTON (1) 2	TORQUAY (0) 0
5,000—Davies 2.	
BRISTOL R. (3) 5	SWINDON (0) 0
5,000—Curran 4.	
CARDIFF (0) 0	C. PALACE (1) 1
10,000—	Smith.
EXETER (0) 0	BRISTOL C. (0) 1
5,000—Bowl.	Booth.
IPSWICH (5) 5	WATFORD (1) 1
12,000—McLennan, Davies, Chadwick 2, Little.	
MANFIELD (0) 0	N'RHAMPTON (0) 1
4,000—Carter.	Jennings.
QUEEN'S P. R. (0) 0	NOTTS C. (1) 1
3,000—	Read.
READING (0) 0	PORT VALE (0) 1
5,000—Doran, Brown.	Morland.
SOUTHEAST (2) 2	ALDERSHOT (0) 0
5,000—Bell, Bolan.	Harris own goal.
WALSALL (1) 1	NEWPORT (1) 1
5,000—Allop.	Hydes.

HOW THEY STAND

HOME	AWAY	GOALS
P W D L F A Pts	P W D L F A Pts	P W D L F A Pts
Blackburn (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Newport (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Newport (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Newcastle (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Brighton (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Brighton (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Cardiff (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Cardiff (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34
Sheff. U. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34	W. A. C. (16) 25 14 3 7 52 20 34

THIRD LEAGUE (North)

ACCINGTON (0) 1	GATESHEAD (1) 1
3,000—Moir.	Oxley.
BARNSLEY (1) 1	2 HARTLEPOOLS (0) 0
12,000—Steele, Brumkill.	
BARROW (1) 1	4 SOUTHPORT (0) 0
5,000—Harris 2.	Mauchline 2.
BRADFORD C. (2) 5	ROTHERHAM (1) 2
6,000—Smiles 2, Hensley, Bramham 2.	
CHESTER (0) 0	2 DONCASTER (2) 4
3,000—	Owens, Little, Leyfield, Perry.
HALIFAX (1) 1	5 CARLISLE (1) 1
4,000—Graham, Middleton, Wood 1.	Hunt.
HULL (2) 2	3 ROCHDALE (1) 3
4,000—Richardson 2.	Duff, Wynn, Wale.
LINCOLN (2) 3	5 YORK (1) 1
4,000—Clare 2, Leah.	Mortimer, Brennan, Porrett.
N. BRIGHTON (0) 1	1 CREWE (1) 2
5,000—Ainsworth.	Stevens 2.
OLDHAM (1) 1	2 DARLINGTON (0) 0
4,000—Blackshaw, Ferrier.	
STOCKPORT (0) 2	2 WREXHAM (0) 1
4,000—Reed, Llythgoe.	Reid own goal.

HOW THEY STAND

Hodgson, the left-back, went between the Grimby sticks, while Buck went to left-back and Jones to inside-left.

“THE PEOPLE’S”

Only games in English and Scottish League
Teams not playing in these allow two goals

FEB. MARCH									
23 4 11 18 25									
Aberdeen	4.	2.	0.	2.	1.				
Ardington	2.	4.	3.	1.	1.		Dumfries	4.	3.
Airdrie	2.	2.	2.	4.	1.		Dundee U.	2.	2.
Albion	3.	2.	0.	3.	1.		Dunfermline	1.	1.
Aldershot	0.	3.	0.	3.	2.		East Fife	1.	1.
Alloa	1.	1.	5.	1.	2.		East Stirling	1.	1.
Arbroath	2.	1.	3.	1.	1.		Edinburgh	1.	1.